



# The WAR CRY

31st YEAR No 28

TORONTO APRIL 11th 1914

W Bramwell Booth General David M. Rees Commissioner



Happy Children With  
Their Guardians Of An  
ARMY INDUSTRIAL HOME, JAVA



International Headquarters  
101 Queen Victoria St. London EC.

Territorial Headquarters  
James and Albert Streets  
Toronto

# Companions of The Late General's Youth.

**D**Y the sheer charm and force of his character which thus early marked him out as a leader, the late General was like a magnet gathering around him in his youthful days a band of young men on fire for God and souls, and strong on the side of righteousness.

These companions, who were of similar temperament, and entertained the same outlook upon life as The General, continually inspired him by their confidence, and encouraged him by their help, and when he most shrank from taking such a step, owing mainly to his uncertain health and disabilities, he was elbow'd, so to speak, into the ministry by their insistent counsel and practical effort.

One of the group, John Savage, by having a share in The General's conversion, and helping to develop his spiritual character, played a very important part in the wonderful and romantic scheme of his life. Another, named Howe, was largely responsible for setting The General to work in various opportunities in his way for exercising his gifts, which so soon began to reveal themselves, and constantly encouraging him to become a minister.

The combined influences of these companions represented in embryo two salient principles of the Salvation Army. The happy discovery was made that not only should a man be converted and helped to work out his own salvation, but that he could do something to do this.

This experience which The Salvation Army is founded has meant nothing short of a revolution in the religious world.

The General was greatly inspired by the brilliant and gifted William Sansom, with whom, at the time he first attempted public work, he was especially intimate. Belonging to a highly-respected family, his father being a trustee of the Chapel, he had a good deal of influence.

Speaking of these times The General says:—

"Will was a beautiful singer, and had a won-

## A PRAYER BY THE LATE GENERAL.

In the Holy Land, at the Time of His Passing Visit in 1905.

**W**HAT shall we say to Thee, O Lord, as we kneel upon this sacred spot, from which Thou didst ascend to Heaven, having given us the promise which Thy Father gave? That to do.

"We have come from afar, guided by Thy spirit, O Lord! Thy light shone into our hearts years ago. We have followed Thee, and in Thy Providence Thou hast brought us to this Holy Land. We present ourselves again to Thee so that we may give Thee the full exhibition of the love we bear Thee. Thou didst come down from Glory to the lowly manger for our sake. Oh, give us a deluge of the spirit which prompted Thee to offer Thyself for our salvation!"

"We were not permitted to behold Thee in the flesh, nor share in the blessings. Thou didst bestow upon Thee a widepread sphere, half mountains and valleys; but we share in the blessings. Thou didst purchase for us with Thine own body on the tree. And here, on this sacred ground, we renew our alliance with Thee. Our lives are Thine. Our friends, our families, our strength, our time, our influence, all are Thine. In Thee we trust, and in Thee we confide. Help us to do Thy will in all things; for Thou hast loved us and washed us from our sins in Thine own Blood. We pray for a fuller measure of that spirit which Thou didst possess; that we may live and fight and suffer for the salvation of all men everywhere. Amen."

## A Certain Man had Two Sons.

*"From the same crucifix's side,  
From the same nail's bore,  
Out to long dirges, and the tracer late,  
Out to the Presse's ate."*

**J**ESUS went on to say: "There was a man who had two sons. The younger of them said to his father, 'Father, give me the share of thy property that I may go.' So he divided between them. Not long time afterwards the younger son got all together and travelled to a distant country, where he wasted his money in debauchery and excess. At last, when he had spent everything, there came a terrible famine throughout that country, and he began to feel the pinch of want. So he went and hired himself to one of the inhabitants of that country, who sent him on his farm to tend swine; and he longed to make a hearty meal of the pods the swine were eating, but no one gave him any.

"He came to himself; he said, 'How many of my father's hired men have more bread than I have; while I am here dying of hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say to him, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before you: I no longer deserve to be called a son of yours; treat me as one of your hired men!"' So he rose and came to his father.

"But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him, and pitied him, and ran and threw his arms round his neck, and kissed him tenderly. 'Father,' cried the son, 'I have sinned against Heaven and before you: no longer do I deserve to be called a son of yours.' But the father said to his servant, 'Fetch a robe, quickly—the best coat—put it on him, and bring him here for his finger, and shoe for his feet. Fetch the fat calf and kill it, and let us feast and enjoy ourselves; for my son here was dead, and has come to life again: he was lost, and has been found.' And they began to be merry.

"Now his elder son was out on the farm; and when he returned and came near home, he heard music and dancing. Then he called one of the lads to him and asked what all this meant. 'Your brother is come,' he replied, 'and your father has had the fat calf killed, because he has got him safe and sound.' Then he was angry, and would not go into the house. He said to his father, 'I have been a hard worker for you; I have been slaving for you, and I have never given you so much as a kiss, for me to enjoy myself with my friends; but now that this son of yours is come who has eaten up your property among his bad women, you have killed the fat calf for him!' 'As for you, dear boy! said the father, 'you are always with me, and all that is mine is yours. We were bound to make merry and rejoice, for this brother of yours was dead, and has been found!'—The New Testament in Modern Speech.

derful gift of prayer. He used to kneel down on the stones and move Heaven with his cries. I would get on a chair and talk. Will broke a glass vessel and spilt some water. He died in triumph, and left us to grieve alone."

During his lonely life in London (England) The General missed the associations of the earnest young men in whose company he had laboured since his conversion. He writes to his friend, John Savage:—

"How are you getting on? I know you are happy. I know you are living to God and working for Jesus. Grasp and master the world! Up with your wings—boldly fly. Press still closer to the ranks of the enemy and mark your pathway still more distinctly with glorious trophies of Emmanuel's grace. . . . onward! Christ for me! Be that your motto—be that your battle-cry—be that your war-note—be that your consolation—be that your plea when asking mercy of God—your end when offering it to man—your hope when encircled in darkness—your strength and victory when attacked and overcome by death. Tell it to devils, and bid them cease to harass, since you are determined to die for the truth!"

"I preached on Sunday last—a respectable but dull and lifeless congregation. Notwithstanding I had liberty both praying and preaching, I had not the assistance of a single 'Amen' or 'Hallelujah' the whole of the service. It was hard work to labour four hours a day in that way, and those who come down here to do the work of the prayer meeting as well! I want some Savages, and Proctors, and Frosts, and Howes, and Robinsons here with me in the prayer meetings, and, glory to God, we would carry all before us! Oh! to live to Christ on earth, and to meet you once more, never to part, in a better world!"

In another letter he says:—

"I had some conversation with one of our local preachers respecting the subject with

regard to which my heart is still burning, and the full work. He advises by all means to go next March, and leave it in hands of God and the Church."

"What say you? You are my friend, chosen of my companions, the man after our own heart. What say you? I do not desire pastor's crusade without having most distinctly received the pastor's call."

Among those present to hear the first sermon delivered by The General at Walworth Road Wesleyan Chapel, London, was Mr. Ralph Walpole, his wife, and his son. Press still closer to the ranks of the enemy and mark your pathway still more distinctly with glorious trophies of Emmanuel's grace. . . . onward! Christ for me! Be that your motto—be that your battle-cry—be that your war-note—be that your consolation—be that your plea when asking mercy of God—your end when offering it to man—your hope when encircled in darkness—your strength and victory when attacked and overcome by death. Tell it to devils, and bid them cease to harass, since you are determined to die for the truth!"

"Mr. Rabbits was delighted. Meeting the young preacher at the door on the stairs, he who engaged in the boot and shoe trade in the Borough, The General had launched out in his customary unconventional manner, and in striking contrast with the ordinary ministerial style, and the ordinary monotony of the service, was agreeably relieved by a brisk fusillade "Amen".

Rabbits was delighted. Meeting the young preacher at the door on the stairs, he who engaged in the boot and shoe trade in the Borough, The General had launched out in his customary unconventional manner, and in striking contrast with the ordinary ministerial style, and the ordinary monotony of the service, was agreeably relieved by a brisk fusillade "Amen".

"Mr. Rabbits, as they walked toward his home, He promised to use his influence among the Wesleyan ministers in London, with whom he was on especially intimate terms.

Soon, he was installed in a pastorate, Mr. Rabbits undertaking to pay his salary. "How much salary do you require?" he asked, broaching the question.

"Twelve shillings (\$3) a week will keep me in bread and cheese," responded the young Army Captain.

"I would not hear of such a thing!" indignantly replied his friend. "You must take at least one pound!" (\$5.)

And so, with this modest remuneration, The General commenced his work as a regular preacher, "passing rich on fifty pounds (\$125) a year!"

Scenes of Our Lord's Last Days in Earth in Human Form.

## THE VILLAGES OF EMMAUS AND BETHANY.

**S**CENES of Our Lord's Last Days in Earth in Human Form.

**W**E are familiar with the story of the walk of Cleopas with his companion from Jerusalem to Emmaus on the afternoon of the first Easter day; how they were joined by a stranger as they sadly talked of the events of the past week; how, in words which made their hearts burn within them, He "opened to them the Scriptures"; how they constituted themselves to wait on Him, and how, during the meal, He revealed Himself to them as their risen Master.

Emmons of to-day is known as El Kubehel; it is exactly sixty furlongs from the city, as mentioned by Luke. Here, on the traditional site where Christ broke bread with Cleopas and his fellow-disciple, a delightful painting by a well-known French artist of this event. [A reproduction of this painting will be found on another page.—Ed.]

That picturesque little village of Bethany, where Martha and Mary, whom Jesus loved, lived, with their brother Lazarus, also known as Lazarus, the saint of Bethany, is the scene of a well-known French artist of this event. [A reproduction of this painting will be found on another page.—Ed.]

That picture of Bethany as it appears in the New Testament is as follows: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." From a painting in a little church at Emmaus. [Photo, American Colony, Jerusalem.]

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

# FRUIT OF MISSIONARY SACRIFICE By the Commissioner

FOR many years I have been rather closely connected, and often powerfully affected, by the Missionary operations of The Army. It began in this way: in the early days of our work in India, the Officers who were being appointed to the higher commands were sent to England to get an insight into our methods and to be trained for Divisional work. Several of them, including Colonel Weraasooriya, came to me. They lived in our home, worked in my office, and travelled with me in the Division. And what I saw of these men's lives, and of the influence of their example, opened my heart and broadened my views on the whole missionary question.

## BY IN THE DIVISION.

As a result, in most of my commands, I have made some real sacrifice to help forward our missionary work; and let me say at once, I have found great joy in the sacrifice. I have given up Officers who were needed at home, but, acting on the heart-felt conviction that they were needed still more among the heathen, I have let them go, and have been richly blessed in my own work and life in consequence. Everyone knows that the Corps or church that makes a sacrifice on behalf of the heathen cannot but be blessed at home in the act. Again and again, Corps that have made such sacrifices have, I know, been wonderfully enriched by so doing; and the same might be said of Divisions and Territories.

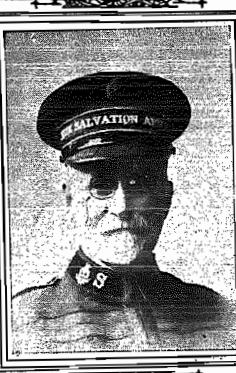
No country, excepting the British Field, has done more for Missionary lands than Sweden. Look, for instance, at what they have just given! During my five years' command of that Territory we sent about seventy—the number is from memory—Officers abroad, and yet we were never short of Officers at home.

Let me speak of some instances of Missionary sacrifice from my own experience. When I was in charge of my second Division, The Army's first appeal for Officers for India was published in the "Cry" and a young woman Captain, one of the most successful soul-winners I had, volunteered. She had prayed about it, and then came to see me. I hesitated to advise her. She was doing a good work where she was. What was more, she had become engaged to a promising young Officer who, as I found, had no leanings whatever towards Missionary work, and there is no doubt they deeply loved each other.

But I soon saw and felt that it would be selfish and un-Christlike to try to dissuade her, as she felt strongly that God had called. HOW INDIA WAS HELPED.

In the end, the engagement was terminated by mutual consent, and the young woman went to India. I kept in touch with her for years, and Commissioner Booth-Tucker and other Officers from India have assured me that she has done a splendid work out there. And if the sacrifice brought great blessing to India, it was also a means of rich blessing to me whenever I heard of her success among the heathen.

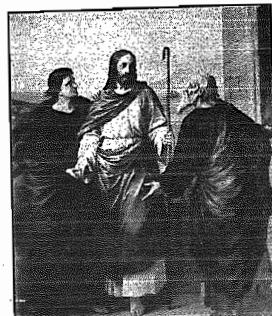
Let me give you another incident, one in which India is again concerned. One cold, wet night in a South of England town, our little open-air meeting seemed to be quite useless; no one was, so far as we could see, taking any notice of us. Just as we were about to close, however, I noticed an elderly gentleman standing away in the distance. He afterwards came to the meeting at the Hall, and invited me to go and see him at home on the morrow. He was, I found, a man of wealth and influence, a retired officer from



the King's army, who had spent much of his time in India, and was a Christian man, whose heart was set upon doing something for the salvation of the millions of that country who knew not God.

I described something of what The Army was doing in India, where Commissioned Booth-Tucker had, not very long before, commenced operations, and he was deeply interested. A little later I was able to introduce him to the Chief of the Staff (our present General) and not long after he returned to India as a Salvation Army Captain, who had devoted the remaining years of his life, and his pension, to help our work there.

There is no doubt that he was sent along by God. He had a very full knowledge of the Indian peoples, and he was a scholar and a linguist, and Commissioner Booth-Tucker told me that his work and influence were invaluable to us. He died in India. His was the sacrifice.



"Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

From a painting in a little church at Emmaus. [Photo, American Colony, Jerusalem.]

fice, but who would dare say that it was not, in its blessed fruitage, abundantly worth while? And we should not forget that it was largely the outcome of an apparently useless open-air meeting.

I should like also to speak of the work and sacrifice of the late Major Jim Osborne, of South Africa, and I can do so from personal knowledge, for he and I were Training Home chums and he came to consult me before responding to The General's appeal for Officers to commence work among the Zulus. I advised him to go. He went, and a few years later I myself was appointed to South Africa, where I was able to see for myself the effects of my comrade's work and sacrifice. Some of our native Officers of to-day were converted under him—if I mistake not, Ensign Mbambiso being one of the number. Osborne was, in fact, like Moffat and Morrison—he prepared the soil, and those who followed him have gathered the harvest, which he did not live to see. Of course, they also have endured hardship and bravely borne the Cross. Osborne was, humanly speaking, one of the least of men, but he had a great heart and a passion for the heathen.

## THEY WENT TO ZULULAND.

But perhaps the sacrifice that has made the greatest impression upon my life was that of two young women Officers working under my direction while I was Provincial Officer for London, Eng. The General was again asking for Officers for South Africa, and these young women volunteered. They were accepted and went out to Zululand. That was good; I admired their sacrifice, and was sure they would do good work.

Years after, when I was appointed Territorial Commissioner to South Africa, I went, as soon as it could be arranged, to see them at their settlement. It was a long journey by boat, train, post-cart, and then on foot away into the interior. They seemed, I found, to be the beginning and the end of the little community, so much had they done to win the Zulus. They had held meetings for grown-ups, meetings for children, and day schools, and during the four days I was there I counted seventy, as nearly as possible, poor natives who came to them for assistance and relief in their troubles. Some of these had been bitten by poisonous snakes, others had been bruised or injured, and others again had troubles of a different kind; but they all felt that the Officers were quite equal to relieve their necessities.

## WOULD NOT LEAVE THEIR WORK.

Before leaving the settlement I suggested that the time had now come for them to have a furlough—they were entitled to spend a few months at home, and they needed the rest. But to my great surprise, they said: "We have worked hard and God has richly blessed us in the conversion of the heathen; but these converts are, as you see, very much like children, and if we were now to leave them for some months, as you suggest, much of the work would be spoilt. We have given out our work to the heathen; we find out and work for them, and we shall start again when we return."

I can never fully describe the effect of their devotion upon my own heart. Here, indeed, was the pure spirit of Christianity—these dear comrades could truthfully say:—

"And all I think or speak or do,  
Is one great sacrifice."

—D. M. REES.

# Judge Not! You May Be Mistaken.

**CHARMING STORY OF A NEEDY SALVATIONIST'S EAGER LONGING TO GIVE SOMETHING TO GOD.**

"*The War Cry!*" Yes; I've heard of that rag before; let me see what it's like." So the simple-hearted Herald of Salvation, Soldier of a down-town Corps, sold the cynical lady-journalist a copy of the beloved paper. "The journalist had no room for a face in her district in order that she might seek for herself how the poor live, and she signed "copy" in The Army man now standing on her doorstep.

"Can you give me any advice?" she quietly enquired of him, having bought a copy of the paper. "I've been very ill; in fact, I've been at death's door, and I don't believe in God. Can you help me?"

"Yes," replied the man, speaking with an air of natural confidence that impressed the young woman. "I can't do much, but I can tell you what God has done for me; I can give my testimony, and I can pray with you."

"Oh, if you're going to pray with me, you had better come inside," said she, speaking somewhat gaily.

They went in, and the Salvationist told the half-naked, half-dressed, young woman that he had been converted from a life of drunkenness and made a new man altogether. Then he knelt in prayer—pouring out the feelings and longings of his heart in wonderful earnestness and faith.

The journalist could never forget that simple prayer. She must get to know something more about this strange man, she said to herself.

A day or two later, therefore, she called upon the Captain and the So-and-So, and asked Mr. So-and-So? He said "The War Cry!"

Yes, the Captain knew Brother So-and-So quite well, and the young lady spoke for a few minutes of his visit and his prayer. Then, having established a little intimacy, she boldly asked, "Mr. So-and-So is a good man, isn't he?"

The Captain agreed, and they continued the conversation, until the Captain had again told the lady, "Yes, Mr. So-and-So was really good, and the only flaw she saw in him was that he was inclined to be a little close-fisted. His comrades, who should know, so regarded him. But he was a good man."

The young lady was not satisfied; neither the Captain nor the Soldiers are right, she said to

## To Your Friends.

Next week, beginning April 1st, is being observed by Salvationists throughout Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda: as THE WEEK OF PRAYER, during which special intercession is made for the work of The Army in all lands, and for the success of THE SELF-DENIAL WEEK, which begins on the following Sunday, April 19th. Every reader of "The War Cry" has at some time heard of this Annual Effort to raise funds for the maintenance and extension of Salvation Army Work, some of which is described in this special number of "The War Cry."

When we speak of prayer for the success of the effort, we mean prayer that a great number of men and women and little children may take part in it; that they may give with a happy and generous spirit; whether little or much; as God has prospered them, and that they may all be richly blessed in so doing.

Would you not like to contribute towards making the 1914 Effort in Canada such a success? You can give your donation to an authorized Salvationist collector, or you can send it to the nearest Salvation Army Corps or Institution. Generosity, like mercy, is twice blessed; it blesses him that gives and him that receives. Your money will be well and carefully spent in the noblest of work for God and the people.

he might refer to it, if at all. That would also give the opportunity of seeing the other Salvationists.

Heavily veiled she entered the little Hall. Both the Captain and Brother So-and-So were there, but no one could recognize her.

## A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE APOSTLE PAUL ON HIS LONG AND LONELY JOURNEYS, WRITTEN WITH INSIGHT BY MRS. MAJOR MOORE

WE best evidence of the growth of a Church or a Salvation Army Corps is the missionary spirit it manifests. Where missionaries are sent into the great heathen field there is progress.

What then, may I ask, is required in a missionary? What have successful missionaries possessed which made them succeed? For perhaps some who read this line will consider that the call has come to them to go to the heathen, and in that event there may be much questioning and some misgivings as to personal fitness for such a work.

May not these questions find an answer in the greatest example we have of a missionary, the Apostle Paul? What a grand character was his—embodiment of zeal, courage, perseverance, as well as many natural gifts, not the least of which was his great intellectual power.

To begin with, he had an experience of conversion, as we saw in the good, old-fashioned way. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" he had asked. He was then in a position to hear a call from God. He received a clear call, he was sure about it, and this gave him a good start. He was on the altar for service or sacrifice. (See Gal. 1:15, 16; Acts 13:12; and Acis 9:15).

Then Paul was completely under the dominion of God; he conformed with his feet and blood. Immediately after conversion he embarked on his journey to Damascus, away from Jerusalem; the headquarters of the Christian Church and whither we would naturally expect him to return. Instead of doing this, he proceeded to Damascus, one hundred and thirty miles west of Jerusalem, and then for a period in Arabia—a probably three years—he shut himself away with God. There he preached sometimes in the synagogues, and there

were Christians there, but I think his first and chief purpose was to learn of God and be prepared for his great life-work.

Paul did not fear solitude; he rather loved it. When later he, with Silas, visited Thessalonica, where he was so bitterly opposed by the Jews, he was sent by the brethren by night to Berea. Hitherto those Thessalonian Jews followed him, stirring up the people against him, so that he took his wife and son, and fled left alone for a season. He was not expected to take up active service until his co-workers arrived.

In imagination I have watched him in his

### EASTER DAY.

MIGHTY Lord of Winter-tide!  
O Loving Lord of the Spring!  
Come to our hearts this Easter Day,  
Melt all the prisoning ice away,  
And evermore abide,  
Making both good and ill to flee.  
Thy blessed opportunity.

lonely walks through the streets of this beautiful, but idolatrous, city, where it is said that "it was easier to find a god than a man," and his spirit was stirred within him. Unable therefore to wait Silas and Timotheus, he struck out alone, and single-handed, as he expostulated with the Athenians daily. "He was courageous! Here was daring! No wonder that he was amazed, or that they brought him to the heights apart in Athens, and urged him to declare "this new doctrine."

Another picture of Paul in solitude is on his third missionary journey. He had been much with the Church and people, and longed to be alone for a season. With his company he had

spent seven days at Troas. On the last day he preached until midnight, and afterwards on his friend by ship to Assos, minding him to travel by land to Ephesus. So, leaving the ancient Roman road, so long a period of solitude, Paul went alone—with his staff.

It is striking to notice the evidences of Apostle's exceptional will power. We find him using the word "determined" in reference to his own purposes five times, not mentioning it in others in respect to Paul: nor are other instances of his strength of will mentioned.

On his second journey he had travelled through the Provinces of Phrygia and Galatia, and planned to preach the word in Asia, but was "forbidden of the Holy Ghost." He then came to Mytilene, which also was in Asia, but was not liberty to do anything there. He next assayed to go into Bithynia, which was still another province of Asia, but the Spirit forbade him.

Now, I am quite sure that the humble, noble servant of Jesus Christ had a thoroughly obedient spirit, but he could not as yet see where his fate was to be, and in the absence of clearer lead, he assayed, in his strong way, to follow his original purpose.

Again, we find evidence of this strength in the third journey, when he planned to go to Jerusalem. This direction told Paul, through the Spirit, that he should not go to Jerusalem; but he replied, "I go bound in the spirit and in bonds, and I must needs go." He was daring! No wonder that he was amazed, or that they brought him to the heights apart in Athens, and urged him to declare "this new doctrine."

At Caesarea the prophet Agabus took Paul and bound his own hands and feet, and said, "Thus saith the Holy Ghost, So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that comes this girdle." And when we heard that

(Continued on Page 18.)

# A VISIT TO ROOKSTONE, the Home of the Late General. By Brigadier Bond.

the meeting next night to see in what

one of the first speakers was Brother So-and-So. "Comrades," he said, not unkindly, "I often longed to be able to give to God, and some of you have wondered why put more into the collections. But you know that I have, out of my little wages, put my poor old mother and help my sister, and by the time that money is given every week there's very little left for the lections."

"But the Lord, He does not forget us, knows where I live. Yesterday He sent me money, and (speaking with beaming countenance) now I'm going to give it back to Him so glad I've something to give."

After some moments after Brother So-and-So had spoken, the strange enterer would have wondered if both men and women weeping. How humble the Captain felt! How humbled were the driers! How elated was the lady journalist later all were singing together—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Shall have my soul, my life, my all."

And there was a beautiful offering that we may exactly know what the effect that testimony was upon the Corps, only that must have been great. The Captain, too, but so far as the young lady was concerned, was now no longer a cynical unbeliever of the world; she was converted. "I can explain it," she would afterwards say; "that unfeared Soldier was praying with me every day, I, agonized as I claimed to be, was drawn to him. Some people do not believe it is possible, but I do."

And the years bore splendid proof of thorough sincerity. She herself became an Army Officer, and some of the most pages of our literature were written by her brilliant pen.

[The facts upon which this story is based are communicated by Lieut.-Colonel Charles —Ed.]

STEPPED from the train to the platform of this quiet little station of Harewood. Ten years had passed since I last stood there. Then I was one of a favoured band of Editorial Staff—who had been invited to sit with the late General. Memories of a delightful evening crowded upon me as I ascended the station stairs, and with them the fading reflection that although I was again at the general's house, he himself lay in the ground-covered grave of the Army at Abney Park Cemetery.

Like the thousands of others who had visited Harewood, I desired to see the room in which the Army's illustrious Founder had spent his last years of life, so I eagerly embraced opportunity of visiting the place where that soul had met with Death, and full of quietude lay down upon his bed.

Rookstone, as it is called, is the last house a quiet road that loses itself in green fields, a quiet road that loses itself in green fields, a quiet road that loses itself in green fields, flooded the scene on the occasion of my visit, and a restful stillness prevailed. One glad the dear old General's last days had spent in such peaceful surroundings.

The architecture is somewhat early English style, the lower storey being red brick and upper storey and fine cast. A wind-break of trees partly hides it in the passer-by, and provides complete seclusion for the small, well-kept lawn in front—a

. Then the day came when the mournful truth was told him that the operation had proved unsuccessful; that he was blind!

This event has been described with incomparable pathos by Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg, and since my visit I have re-read the narrative. I quote from it the following paragraphs:

"Mr. Higgins (the eye surgeon) sat upon The General's bed, and, taking his hand, said in as

room, but austere furnished. It is essentially a workroom.

The bookcase contains chiefly histories and theological works. A large and much-used Bible is on the table.

Heathcote's easy chair arrested my attention. It bore strong external evidence of recovering, and I asked if that was The General's chair. I was informed that both the late General and The Army Mother had used it, but that it was not regarded as the "vacant chair," which is a well-worn tapestry-covered seat, and stands in much the same place as when The General occupied it during his working hours.

As I sat in it, my hand upon its arm, I recollect that the hand and person of The Army Mother, hanging over the fireplace, had so often looked down upon.

I seemed to see The General sitting in the arm chair with his legs crossed and his head resting on his left hand; the long, well-shaped fingers—somewhat attenuated in his latter years—resting in his lap. Presently Mr. Collins, another special friend, seated himself in a chair placed with M. Higgins. He took The General's hand right in between his two big strong ones, and speaking very gently, very slowly said, "Well, General, that is what we all hoped for, but I fear there is not much hope of your seeing objects any more."

"There was again silence, a silent moment, and then The General, though perhaps lower than usual, spoke. "Well," he said, "the Lord will be done. If it is to be, I have only to bow my head and accept—His will be done."

Quite a number of those who sympathized with The General in his blindness, sent him trinkets designed to aid him in his laborious trivitiae: and a mirror from the window I was shown, one that still contained the sheet of paper on which The General had essayed to write. Here is a sentence—the pencilled writing is barely legible, but indicates a faith that was sublime: "The Lord thy God will enlighten my darkness in His own good time."

Dear, brave old General! On his table was his tall, powerful reading lamp, and also a large green shade which he wore occasionally over his eyes for protection. But God, in His own good time and way, has enlightened the morning stars together.

On the writing table at which The General spent so many laborious hours, chief of which, perhaps, is the oaken casket containing the Freedom of the City of London, that he conferred upon him, and which is to be presented to the Corporation on that historic occasion.

The casket on the table is carved in oak taken from the old roof of the Guildhall which was constructed under Sir Christopher Wren about a year after the great fire of London. The wood is therefore nearly three hundred years old.

There is also the casket containing the freedom of his native town—Nottingham.

On the table is a blotting pad containing numerous impressions of The General's signature which, though full of character and beauty, was also large and heavy. It is a simple but effective link with the past.

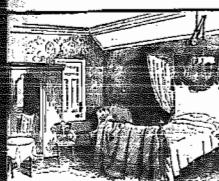
On the wall, just over the table, is a large, single engraving of Herod's "Woman and Children First." It represents a lifeboat rescuing passengers from a Foundering line and was the late General's favourite picture.

Over the door hangs a fine portrait of The General, and in close proximity to it a powerful chalk drawing of his mother; the likeness of the son to the mother is truly extraordinary. One

(Continued on Page 20.)



Garden and Countryside from study window.



Room in which the beloved Leader died.



The General's study, with the vacant chair.



Front view of the house—"Rookstone."

# Enlisted For Service—Anywhere!

TRAINING COLLEGE CADETS, AND HOW THEY RECEIVED THE CALL TO WORK FOR GOD IN THE SALVATION ARMY

## WHILE STUDYING GREEK

The Army's teaching of Holiness as a practical experience for every converted man or woman, was one of the chief factors which led Cadet P. to offer himself for service. At the critical moment he was studying for the ministry; hence, he hated differing opinions. And although he felt sure that The Army's doctrine was right, and that he should preach it, he could not decide.

One day, while poring over a Greek manual, he realized that, if he could not go to the full light, he must fall in it or disown God. Without further delay, he bowed his head over his books, and in a silent prayer, made the decision—for God, Holiness, and The Army.

He is not now studying Greek, but learning how a young man, who, four years ago, could not read nor write his own name, may become a soul-winner in the truest sense of the term.

## CADET IN A COAL WAGON.

Dirty and helplessly drunk, a man lay in the gutter of one of the main streets of Toronto. A Cadet, with a bundle of "War Cry" under his arm, came along, and instantly forgetting that he

tions. His brother laughed at him, and urged him to stay where he was. He could serve just as well in the farm as in the city where the Cadet was situated, he said.

The other listened, and to his ultimate sorrow, took his brother's advice and stayed on the farm. Six weeks later he with an accident which cost him his right arm. And then he realized that he had disobeyed the voice of God. He must go to the Training College.

More difficulties came along. Having the use of only one arm, he could not compete with others in any race, so he took up golf, and he began to wonder where the money for his outfit and travelling expenses would come from. Up to the day of his farewell, he had had no assurance of money. And then his faith was rewarded, for as he shook hands at the railway depot with some of his friends, they left in his palm more than enough money in bills to supply his immediate needs.

## AT THE GENERAL'S MEMORIAL

To go to a Salvation Army meeting would, a few years ago, have been considered a disgrace in the eyes of any member of the family to which Cadet R. belongs. And so until he came to

## NOT TOO OLD AFTER ALL

Although he held an important position as present Cadet, P. was a thorough Salvationist and longed to be able to help his fellow-fellows around him, whose lives like his, were cursed by drink. So he read the Candidate's papers, but when his age was known, the Divisional Commander at once said he was too old!

Nothing daunted, the Cadet worked harder than ever, till one day the Divisional Commander was visiting the district, sent him for an interview, received no definite assurance of work for the Work until one day, the Captain of the Corps rushed into the workshop where he was at that time employed—he had resigned his official position in the town rather than leave the Army—and handed him a telegram requiring him to report at once to the General Work. At the same time he received a letter from the Mayor of another town, offering a good position and high wages.

"What shall we do, dear?" he said to his wife. She promptly and wisely replied "Go to the Army." And they went.

As a result, both husband and wife are



Adjutant McElroy, Young People's Sergeant-Major Braund, and some of the Workers of the fine Young People's Corps at Peterborough.

had challenged a comrade-Cadet to sell the most papers that afternoon, lifted the man to his feet, and endeavoured to find out from him where he lived. His answer was that he could not afford to live in such a place, and he could not afford to be homeless. A store-keeper at last came to the Cadet's assistance, and gave him what he believed was the drunks' address. But how could he get him there? It was too far to walk with such a burden.

A policeman came up, and the helpless man began to struggle, fearing he would be arrested, let him get into trouble. He cried his dulled senses became dimmed at the sight of the familiar helmet.

Just then, a man driving an empty coal wagon passed by. "Halt stop!" shouted the Cadet. The driver did so, and in a few moments he and his drunken charge were perched up in the wagon, which the Cadet persuaded the driver to take to the street named by the store-keeper. When they arrived, the drunks recited the uniform of the horses, and with a choking voice, said: "What have I done that you should do this for me?"

The tears of repentance of the poor fellow, combined with his promise to do better in future, were ample reward to the Cadet for a lost challenge.

## PRICE OF DISOBEDIENCE.

Coming into a city in the North-West from his brother's farm, Cadet F. saw, for the first time, The Salvation Army, and promptly fell in love with it. He got converted in a meeting which he subsequently attended, and straightway left that he should become an Officer.

On returning to his brother's home after the harvest season, he told him of his conversion.

Canada, he had never attended an Army meeting. In the city of H. a memorial service for the late General was being held, and at this gathering he had never attended. After the service, he attended the farewell meeting of Colonel and Mrs. M. in that same city, and became convinced that he should work for God—where, he did not know.

A few days later, his sister, who also was present at the last-named meeting, the second she had ever attended in The Army, was strangely convicted of her call to the work of soul-winning. But she did not attend the training institution, and she still seemed to want her, and she was nearly disheartened.

"I wonder if The Army has any place for us?" she at last said to her brother. Next day both went to the Commanding Officer, who quickly assured them that The Army had a place for everybody who was ready for hard work and sacrifice.

Mother and sister are to-day in the Training College, and through their consecration, another member of the family will probably enter the Training College next Session.

## To Those who are Called to Leave All.

Jesus saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.

Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire.

Then they shall wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

in the Training College, where they have found many kindred spirits which have assured the that they are not "too old" after all.

## THROUGH THE "SOLDIER'S GUIDE"

Do you read the "Soldier's Guide" issued by the late General for the use of all Salvationists? If so, then turn to the "Leaves for Noontime Flushing" for the 8th of May, and you will find these words: "Ye are not in the world to teach, but to learn." This was the verse of Scripture that fast set another Cadet in his search for an answer of the call to Officership. He had been converted in The Army early in boyhood, and had strayed from the old paths. Then he attended Young People's Day led by our own beloved Sister, and another time he was in the Army. He went home, and at his bedside lay his first soul to the Mercy Seat. And still he delayed in obeying what he knew was the call to Officership.

His parents were against his going to Training College, and the difficulty of getting him to obey was almost insurmountable. One night, however, when the Cadet was all alone in his parents' home, he took the "Soldier's Guide" and kneeling a chair, prayed that he might be guided to a verse or a chapter that would show him what to do. He opened the book at the page on which the date, May 8th, appeared—the first words that caught his eyes were these:

"The way was clear; he obeyed his Master's voice, and is to-day in the Training College."

# GRACE HOSPITAL, WINNIPEG

**THE WONDERFUL WORK  
AND-EQUALLY-WONDERFUL  
INFLUENCE of an UNRIVALLED  
ARMY INSTITUTION ♦**

before the Manitoba Medical Society a report of the first six hundred cases which we had in the Hospital, and that was considered one of the most satisfactory reports ever given. I am satisfied that were I to write of the over six hundred cases we have had during the past year, the report would be very much more favourable in many respects.

## Purpose of the Institution.

Grace Hospital (of which Staff-Captain Payne is Matron) is, it is almost superfluous to say, principally a maternity institution. Its purpose as such is to be described as threefold: to provide medical treatment in their time of deep need for friendless girls and women; to make provision for mothers among the deserving poor, and to also receive paying patients who prefer such treatment and convenience; the Hospital insures to the best of its means that could be made for the birth home at such a time. A glance at the statistics of the Hospital for the last year (as set out on this page) will perhaps give the best idea of how well this purpose is being carried out.

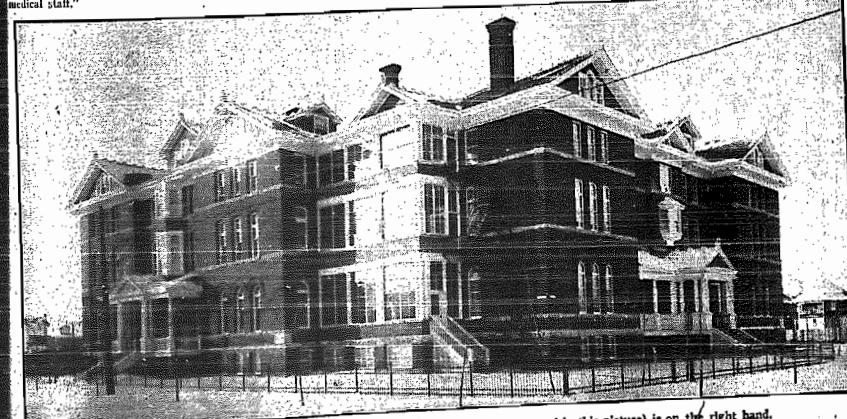
Taking the total figure, we see that no fewer than 1,668 patients (including children born in there) were treated in the institution within that period. Of these approximately 120 were friendless women, and could only turn to some such place as this for assistance. There are, on an average, sixty Rescue patients in the Hospital all the time, and if in these wards mother-love is much intermingled with poignant sorrow, the help which The Army is able to extend is often the cause of unspeakable joy to distant relatives.

## A Mother's Letter of Thanks.

"I am thankful," writes a mother in the Old Country, "that your institution has done so much for my poor daughter. Only God knows the anguish of my heart since she left home, the anxious hours I have spent, and the bitter tears I have shed over her sorrows. Fall, I am glad she has given her heart to God. Do all you can to help her in the future, for the sake of her broken-hearted Mother."

Sometimes, too, happy reconciliations between parents and daughters are effected, and from time to time a wedding takes place in the reception room of the Hospital. The majority of these instances the Officers have prevailed upon the young people concerned to do the only honorable thing, and now these couples are comfortably settled in little homes of their own.

Six weddings of this kind were conducted at the Hospital last year. Major McLean, Staff



New photograph of Grace Hospital. The original wing (much foreshortened in this picture) is on the right hand.

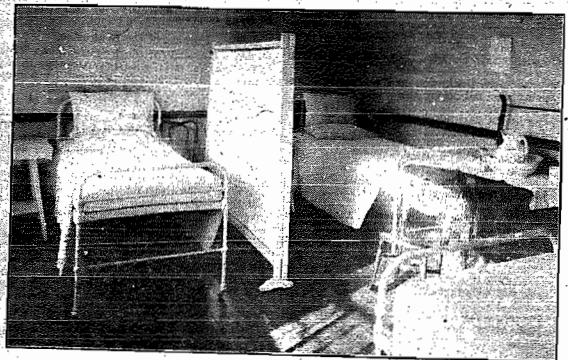
## THE EASTER WAR CRY.

Captain Tudge, and the Rev. Dr. Cook officiating.

## Helping Poor Mothers.

Perhaps the wards that are the most appreciated are those in which the poor women are helped who otherwise would not be able to afford the care and attention they so much need at the time of their confinement.

One of these patients was the wife of a drunken husband, and the mother of three little children. Her husband had so maltreated her that she had to flee for protection. She was very ill, and it was at first feared could not recover, but provision was made for her children; she herself was given care and comfort, and she is now in happy circumstances.



One of the Semi-Private Wards on the Maternity Section.

The serious illness of her husband and two children was the cause of much of the mother's distress. Through the bitter winter weather she had to work very hard to try to make ends meet. Then the little boy died and the mother, nearing the time of her confinement, was hurried to the Hospital. Her gratitude to God and The Army Officers for a comfortable bed and friend to help her in her suffering and bereavement was touching to witness.

## How it is Done.

How is all this work—and so much besides which we have no space to mention—done? To that question we will now attempt some reply.

To begin with, the building itself is admirably suited to its purpose. Standing on a large rectangular plot of ground, it consists at present of four four-storeyed wings—the main and original wing facing north, and the new wing facing east. As the work grows, it may be necessary to add other sections, at any rate, in the future; and there is the event of such need, foreseen and fore-thought having with advantage entered into the making of the original plan for the building.

The main floor on the north wing is chiefly occupied by necessary offices, reception rooms, dining-rooms, and Officers' quarters. The first two floors on this wing are devoted exclusively to nursing. On the top storey the nurses are domiciled.

Roughly speaking, the rooms on the chief floors are arranged on either side of wide light and airy corridors running the whole length of the wing. Each room therefore gets full advantage of direct light and air. There are also large verandas where the patients may rest and convalesce in the wholesome sunlight.

The second floor on the main wing is an exact duplicate of the first floor, an arrangement which has been found greatly to facilitate the work. On these floors are the operating rooms, operating-rooms, dressing-rooms, bath rooms, and others, in addition to the wards. There are also the clean room, contagious wards (which are completely isolated), and convalescent wards.

## Accommodation.

The accommodation of the Hospital, including the Rescue section, is a hundred and seventy-five beds. In the Maternity section there is convenience for fifty patients; that is, for fifty mothers and their babies. There were, on the day of our visit, twenty-three mothers and twenty-four babies in the Maternity wards, and—

the two classes are kept quite apart—mothers and babies in the Rescue wards. The prices range from \$1 a day for a private room to \$1 for a bed in the wards—this applying only to the floors where paying patients are received, with those engaging private rooms, the difference consisting chiefly in accommodation and privacy rather than in the bill of fare or attendance.

## Work of the Officers.

But the most modern and perfectly equipped hospital would be almost as perfect a failure if the human element in its management were at fault; and excellent as is the equipment of Grace Hospital, one cannot say anything less of the

and Lieutenant Smith are responsible for cooking required by different patients. Captain Stevenson has charge of the girls, under her superintendence, the nurses' uniforms, &c. Captain Clarke has charge of the babies. Captain Clarke looks after the cleanliness of the wards in the Rescue section, and Captain Deaton is in training as a Matron.

There are thus eleven Officers, in the fourteen nurses in training, and one Matron. The nurses begin on a trial basis. If accepted, they receive \$1 per month, two uniforms per year until graduating.

## The Medical Staff.

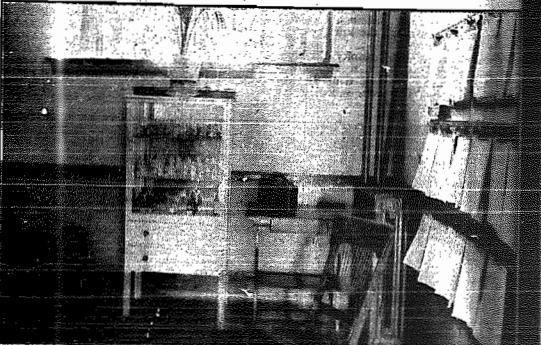
We have already mentioned Misses Suddon with Mrs. Suddon has been closely associated with the Hospital from the start. Dr. Coulter, Dr. W. G. Campbell, Dr. A. W. and Dr. Burridge. These gentlemen are members of the Reserve or public section of the Hospital. They take the responsibility singly and jointly, a month at a time, are on call by day and night. Sometimes attending doctor will get no sleep during one night from the Hospital. This, of course, in addition to a large practice, involves with regard to the private Maternity the Hospital attends for about a hundred and twenty-five doctors in the city, all of whom bring their patients there. The doctor bringing a patient is responsible for Hospital renting him the room and paying the nursing at so much a day.

## Conducted at Great Cost.

An institution of such magnitude is naturally conducted at very great expense. To run only two or three units of expenditure, such as fuel and lighting for last year was \$1,000 of fuel and lighting for last year was \$1,000 and the charges for milk, water, and tea. The installation of the Laundry, at a cost of \$2,000, was a heavy tax upon last year's resources. That this is a question as to whether it was worth while to be built, however, is in the minds of the trustees, and the laundries expenses and providing industry for the Rescue section of the Hospital will be seen when it is mentioned that the clean sheets are required every week to speak of all the clean personal clothing.

Against this heavy outlay, there was

staff—the Officers and the Doctors. A heavy responsibility rests upon the Matron, and perhaps the highest tribute one could pay to Staff-Captain Payne is to say that she is the Matron, that the staff work eagerly and happily under her direction. The institution was, on the occasion of our call, as clean and bright orderly as though one of those infrequent visits of angels had been expected. But then, does not the angel of life visit the Hospital almost



Nurses' Chart Room, where a record of every patient's progress is kept.

every day? There were 608 births last year alone! And sometimes the angel of death comes silently down on the wing. There were forty-six deaths, mostly little babies whose eyes had scarcely yet opened to the light of this new world before they were closed to its joys and sorrows.

But to the Staff: The Matron has very capable help: Adjutant Beckstead is her chief assistant in the work of the institution, holding also the post of head day nurse. Ensign Ellery is chief night nurse. Four nurses, by the way, are on duty every night. Captain Snodgrass is secretary to the Matron. Captain Gardner

placed the grant of the Government of \$1,000 a day per patient who does not pay more than \$1 a day, up to the limit of a three months' detention, and the Winnipeg city grant of \$1 per annum. There is also the income from the paying patients. But it will be seen that this is not enough to cover the expenses, the total cost.

The splendid work of the Hospital is therefore to a large extent dependent upon the contributions of the friends of the Salvation Army.

Hurried as was our visit—

(Continued on Page 10)

## General Bramwell Booth

HAS UNDERTAKEN TO SEND  
1000 Missionary Officers

The Army's Foreign Fields within a period of five years. Two parties of a hundred each have already left, principally for India and the Far East. Ought you to be one of the remaining hundred? (See The General's Letter on page 10.)

Officers are also urgently needed for the increasing work of The Army in Canada. Ought you to be a Candidate? If you need advice on the matter write to the Candidates' Secretary, 20 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

## Capital and Wholesome Reading for Every Home.

Fall of instructive and interesting articles, good stories, and accounts of The Army's Junior Work, "Young Soldier" is in the paper to be put into the hands of boys and girls.

A thrilling Serial Story woven around the life and adventures of that Missionary hero, Dr. Livingstone, is now running through its pages.

Puzzles and Painting Competitions are other features that delight the children. Our special Number Number, containing a special frontispiece, will be issued next week in June.

The subscription price per year is fifty cents, postage extra, one cent. Send all orders to our Trade Secretary, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ont.

## THE WAR CRY.

## IN THE DAYS OF HIS YOUTH.

THE birthday of William Booth, beloved Founder and Father of the Salvation Army, which his people every year observe in a special way to celebrate, fell on April 1st, and while the return of the date reminds us of fresh-of our loss, it serves also to remind us of what has been the astonishing outcome of one man's specially dedicated life. While he was yet with us we were too near to view in its proper perspective the great work he did, and it is now natural

in thirty-four languages, is a very striking fact; that its present opportunities on the Missionary Field are greater than they ever were, is still more remarkable; and that The General's call for Officers to dedicate their lives to the saving of the heathen is receiving so ready and generous a response, is most wonderful of all. Two hundred Officers have already left Europe for India and the Far East, these having been con-

sidered urgent for the increasing work of The Army in Canada.

Ought you to be a Candidate? If you need advice on the matter write to the Candidates' Secretary, 20 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

## Why They Could Not Play.

## A DILEMMA AND A DRUNKARD'S RESTORATION.

"Now, Adjutant, I suppose we can have a selection from the Band?"

It was Sunday afternoon at a certain Toronto



Officers' Dining Room, Grace Hospital, with Staff Assembled. (See Pages 7 and 8.)

tributed principally by Great Britain and the Scandinavian Territories, in which we include little Finland. We cannot but rejoice that such splendid sacrifices have been made by these European fields, but their greater liberality will throw into sharper contrast the smaller gift of any large Territory, should that Territory fail to make its contribution as prompt as it might be and as generous as the need requires.

Ours is an enviable opportunity.

## AN EASTER-TIDE GREETING.

In wishing every reader of "The War Cry," old and new, an Easter-tide richly blessed by the presence of the risen Lord, we have a suggestion to make: Why not with this special Easter issue introduce the paper to a new



The International Staff Band on the march in Germany.

to ask. Was there ever such a life? And yet the life of the late General's early converts, who toil in the tasks which he set them, is, in the way, so specially commendable to our Young People. Reveals the encouraging circumstance that The General's opportunities in youth did not materially differ from those of our own Young People. It is strength of will that counts so largely, and colour of spirit. Given these and the world is full of opportunity.

## WITHIN FIFTY YEARS.

WHAT The Salvation Army, which was brought into being less than fifty years ago, should now be at work in fifty-eight countries and colonies, and preaching Salvation

nowhere? In all parts of Canada, and particularly in remote districts, there are men and women who long to get "The War Cry" regularly, but who have no access to it. Some have it from the time when they used to rent it at homes. Others, it would perhaps surprise many to know, have lost their old sets and cannot afford to buy new ones. All would be glad to have it, and sell "The War Cry" front week to week, who not undertake to send your copy when you have finished with it to some would-be reader who could not otherwise obtain one? Do not doubt that you may also become the indirect means of his conversion or spiritual restoration. The subscription rates for "The War Cry" are as under:

(Continued on Page 10.)

Although the saloons closed at seven on Saturday night, John Ardwell, as will tell all here, had secured enough liquor to make him thoroughly drunk, and when at the said hour, the saloon-keeper turned him out of his bar-room, he was quickly pounced upon by the police, and marched off to the station, where he was sub-stationed, and spent the night in jail.

Poor John! He had once enjoyed the favour of God; had one given his testimony in The Army meetings, but his wife had so worried him about joining the Salvationists with whom she herself was too proud to be seen, that he at last gave up attending the meetings. And then he lost his hold upon his religion, and gave up his home, and slept and ate and took to the drink. Ever since Christmas he had been "on the lunge," and his wife, after seeing her mistake, was almost distracted. At last, she went to the Miantian, and pleaded with him to do something for her husband.

Hearing of the poor drunkard's sad plight, one of the Bandmen—John, the player by the way—said to him, "If at all possible, and on this particular Sunday afternoon, want down to the police station and get permission to take the prisoner to The Army meeting. They arrived at the Hall just after the announcement regarding the Band's inability to play had been made.

All thoughts of a lost opportunity of showing their faith, which they could do immediately vanished from the Bandmen's minds as their bass player entered the Hall with the tottering backslider leaning upon his arm. Together they knelt at the Penitent-form, and there the warden found pardon and deliverance from the desire for liquor. Comrades who were present testified to the change in his appearance as he rose from his knees; he was sober and fully conscious again.

Several minutes before the time for the evening meeting, the bass player was again at his restored comrade's house, ready to escort him to the meeting. He went, not as the drunkard of yesterday, but as John Ardwell, the Adjutant of The Army, dressed neatly, clean and bright-faced, fairly bubbling over because of his restored joy.

Only a few people knew how it all came about. (Continued on Page 10.)

# THE SALVATION ARMY AND THE HEATHEN

A Letter From The General.



## COMRADES AND FRIENDS

Do you realize the magnitude of the Heathen World with its thousand millions of souls?

Yes—one thousand millions! It seems incredible but it is only too true.

## A THOUSAND MILLIONS! What does it mean?

That is the question it is so very difficult to answer—it means so many things.

It means for one thing that the Heathen World of to-day, containing this vast population, is also a World of misery and sorrow, and largely a World of cruelty and suffering.

Amongst its great crowd are millions of cannibals; many millions who offer human sacrifices to gods of wood and stone; millions more who are slaves or slave-holders; still more millions who carry on unnameable abominations in the practice of their religions; and still more who suffer from horrible customs which finally break the human heart and ruin the immortal soul.

## A THOUSAND MILLIONS!

But the magnitude of this—the greatest of all the problems which confront the religion of Jesus—is not entirely seen in the vastness of

numbers—vast as the numbers are. The most serious part of the problem is this—that people are so dark—so bound in their spirits—so blind to what is pure—so far away in thought and desire from the living God!

So it is not only that there are a Thousand Millions to do with, but that this mighty host is entrenched and fortified in all the forms of evil which are in open opposition to Christ and His Spirit. They will not come unto Him that they might have life.

## YES! THAT IS THE HEART OF THE PROBLEM— THE THOUSAND MILLIONS.

Now the Salvation Army has lately experienced a great awakening of new interest in these Heathen multitudes. I want to do more for them than has yet been attempted under our Flag. Especially have my thoughts been turned to the following countries:

India and Ceylon	China
Japan	Java and
Western and Central Africa	The Dutch East Indies
	Korea.

The newspaper press in England, large sections of the population in some European countries, and many important persons in the World over have been stirred with interest in our work for God and man amongst these peoples, while in our own ranks the same confidence and enthusiasm have been manifested.

That awakening of interest has had much to do with the offering of 100 Officers who a few months ago left Great Britain for some of those fields of labour, as well as the party of another 100 who have more recently left their Scandinavian homelands. In their beautiful spirits I believe they are consecrated for life's death to save those brethren and sisters of ours who sit in darkness over the sea.

I believe, however, that there are many Officers and Soldiers in other lands—some I know them are in Canada—who interest need only to be aroused in this matter to lead them to offer themselves to help me to take advantage of the great opportunity that is before us. Perhaps also amongst those not already joined with us are some who will feel that they should give up their lives to this loud call.

Men with the spirit of David and women with the courage of sympathy of Deborah are the immediate need, everywhere.

No time will be lost by The Army in doing its part. None should be lost by you in doing yours.

## PRAY AND ACT.

And remember that there are, without Christ and without hope, may largely without knowledge of His salvation, in the Heathen world of to-day, a thousand million souls.

What are YOU going to do? If your circumstances prevent your going, perhaps you could pay the expenses of someone else. Send your reply at once to me or to Commissioner Ross, 16 Allen Street, Toronto.

Yours faithfully,

*W. Bramwell Booth.*

International Headquarters, London, E.C.

have mighty little of this world's goods to call their own. (Not that they despise earthly possessions—they are too fully occupied in seeking and saving the lost sheep for whom the Shepherd died to permit of their having any time or love for mere money-making.) This great Organization has a fiery enthusiasm and hidden devotion of its people upon their prayer and self-denial. "Without these it would probably never have been heard of the city in which it had its birth. And upon prayer and self-denial, it is still as dependent as ever. For were its Week of Prayer and Week of Self-Denial, in which, because of all its merciful

redemptive, and missionary work, it earnestly and with confidence invites the hearty co-operation of the churches and the great Canadian public. We know our own dear people will eagerly and joyfully respond.

## WHY THEY COULD NOT PLAY.

(Continued from Page 9.)

To territory west of Norway, extending to New Zealand, Great Britain, and Ireland, the United States, and all other countries in the Postal Union, \$200 per annum. To territory east of Port William, \$100 per annum.

NEITHER WEALTH NOR INFLUENCE.

THE SALVATION ARMY has not reached its present position and influence by means of the great wealth or social standing of its Officers and Soldiers, most of whom

# A Sanctified Body.

By General William Booth, Founder of The Salvation Army.



I had my life to come over again I would pay far more attention to the things that have had to do with my own health, although I think I have exercised more care on the subject than many do, especially during my latter years.

A Strong and Healthy Body will have much to do with your Confidence. I might say with your Belief, for you cannot get away from your body, at least, not in this life. It is with you all the time. And, being there, it will make itself felt. And if your head, or your back, or your stomach, or some other part of your frame, aches, it will have a very depressing effect on your spirits, on your mind and heart generally. I am quite aware that the Grace of God can make you resigned to the endurance of afflictions, give you patience in them, and turn them to good account; but it does seem to me that it is wisest and best to, as far as possible, avoid them.

A Strong, Healthy Body will have much to do with your satisfactorily discharging your Every-Day Duties. You cannot look after your family, attend to your home, or go through a hard day's work with satisfaction if you are sick and feeble. Whereas, if you are well, work will be a real pleasure.

A Strong, Healthy Body has to do with the comfort of those around you. What a wearying discomfort people who are always ailing become to relatives, friends, and servants. Many of them, I know cannot help their troubles—bless them!—still it would be a great deal better for those around them if those troubles could have been avoided.

A Strong, Healthy Body is very helpful to Faith. Some people's bodies suffer because their hearts are full of unbelief and rebellion against God. If they would get right in their souls, it would greatly help them to get right in their bodies. Just so, others suffer in their souls because of the disordered state of their bodies. The depressions and low spirits which come of weaknesses, diseased livers, and the like, hinder faith and shut up prayer, and often spoil the Salvation life.

A Strong, Healthy Body is friendly to persevering earnest Salvation Warfare. Of course, when the soul is on fire with the love of others, it will drag a weak body to the open air, or to the Junior Company, to the after meetings, or to other fields of action. Still, it can only go so far, and what it does is only done in a half-and-half way; whereas, with good health and spirits, and faith combined, the work will be not only delightful, but easy.

Perhaps the one will say: "Ah! I do wish I could have a strong and vigorous body; but it has not been my portion, and I am afraid never will be." That is just what I say about myself; but I go a little further, and say, "If I cannot have all I long for and all I have described, I will get as much of the Treasure as I possibly can. If you are wise you will make up your mind to do the same. And if you will so resolve, and carry out my counsels, I think you will find some

considerable benefit. The first piece of advice I give is:—

Sacredly regard your Body as belonging to God. Look upon its hands and feet, its eyes and ears, and head and heart, and all its other parts and powers as being the property of your Lord. If you were an angel in Heaven, I am sure you would consider your wings as belonging to Jehovah, and you would never think of using them in any way that would be a slight blow to Him. You must feel just the same with respect to your feet and hands down here. Is not your body His property? Did He not create it and redeem it, and does He not preserve it from day to day? Where would you soon be if He were to cease to feed you and care for you. Say, therefore, to yourself, "I am not my own, I belong to God."

Give your Bodies to God for Him to Possess and Use as He thinks best. That is what the Apostle meant when he exhorted the Romans to "present their Bodies a living sacrifice," assuring them that such an offering would be very acceptable to Him, and would bring a great blessing to them.

Will you not do the same, and do it in reality? You often talk about giving God your soul and your money, and your family. That is good. Excellent! Now definitely give Him your body. Invite Him to come and live in it, and manage it in just that way that will be most pleasing and profitable to Him. Give it to Him now. Don't wait until it is weak in old age, or until it is cold and useless in death. Give Him a living sacrifice.

Sanctify your Body. You frequently offer the prayer that Paul offered for the people of Thessalonica: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole Spirit and Soul and Body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

There you see it is a privilege to have a sanctified body as truly as a sanctified soul. It will be beautiful to think and feel that brains and limbs, and muscle and nerve, and everything else about you are pure in the sight of God, and that He counts them all His own; that is, that you have a sanctified body.

You must Sanctify your Body yourself. You know what it is to be sanctified. It is to be separated from impurity—that is, from everything that is evil. But if you sanctify your body, you won't defile it by taking into it anything that is injurious or uncleans. You will keep as far away as possible from everything that would make it a source of pollution to the soul or weaken its power to fight for God.

You know that to have your soul sanctified, also signifies its being set apart for good and useful and God-pleasing objects, to which all its interests are devoted. But that is equally the proper object in life for your body. Indeed, you cannot have a fully-consecrated soul without, at the same time, having a fully-consecrated body.

Give yourselves then, therefore, to eat, and drink, and dress, and sleep, and work, and go through every other earthly duty as purely and devoutly as if you were in Heaven already.

[The second article in this practical and helpful series will appear in next week's "War Cry." —Ed.]

# OUR FAVORITE JEWELRY

By Mrs. H. C. G. (Continued from page 1)



"And the Women Also Which Followed After Him Preach Canaan, Followed After Him From Their Mother That Disciple Her Unto His Own Home."

April 15, 1914

*An After-Easter  
Reflection.*

# Some Say Superstition: WE SAY GOD.

Wonderful Influence of Religion upon India's Criminal Tribesmen who thoroughly Hated Work.

**NDIA'S** Criminal Tribes represent a phase of crime which is almost unknown in Europe and America. Perhaps their condition might be fairly called a state of war rather than a state of crime. On the one side are ranged the police forces of the Indian Empire, backed up by a powerful army. On the other side we find a compact body of "warriors," including men, women, and children, and often marshalled and led on by women chieftains. Inured to hardship, adepts in trickery, trained from infancy by their expert leaders, they carry on a guerrilla warfare which defies the combined efforts of an army of one hundred and fifty thousand police and seven hundred thousand village watchmen.

It is difficult to estimate the number of these Criminal Tribes. In the Punjab there are at least one hundred thousand, while in the Bombay Presidency over two and a half millions are to be found. The Madras Presidency, the United Provinces, and the Indian Native States also abound with them.

When it is remembered that these tribes are in many cases direct descendants of the aboriginal owners of the country, and that many of them have had kingdoms and dynasties of their own, some sympathy must naturally be felt for their present condition. Expropriated from their ancient possessions, harassed by an ever-vigilant police, punished, imprisoned, and their freedom curtailed, they are naturally embittered against those whom they regard as their oppressors.

"Spirit of our fathers, help us!" runs the prayer of one such tribe; "save us from the Government, and shut the mouths of the police."

One of our women Officers (writes Commissioner Booth-Tucker) was conducting a meeting amongst a number of tribesmen. She had been speaking to them about the evils of sin, and of the necessity of their resisting the temptations of Satan. "Who is your greatest enemy?" she asked. A chorus of voices responded "The police."

"But I mean your spiritual enemy, the enemy of your souls," she explained. They persisted, however, in repeating their answer. Wishing to change the subject, the congregation were given a chorus to sing—

"I've a Friend that's ever near, never fear."

"What does that mean?" asked the Officer.

"Don't be afraid of the police. The Salvation Army will look after you," came the prompt reply.

The audaciousness of many of these tribesmen in committing crime is worthy of a better cause. A story is told of an official who refused to change his watchman (a member of a Criminal Tribe) when he changed his residence. One morning he woke up to find the pictures from his drawing-room swinging from the branches of the tree under which he had been sleeping. In the house, his furniture was turned upside down, and his cupboard stood wide open. Money had not been touched, but his book of postage stamps had been neatly placed round the edge of his laws, and on each stamp a pebble, so that it might not be blown away. He made no more ado about changing his watchman.

During the last five years The Salvation Army has been dealing with the problem of reclaiming these people, and it has met with what the Government regard, and what undoubtedly is, a remarkable success. Already there are twenty Settlements and three Children's Industrial Homes, with a total population of three thousand. During the next few months it is hoped to double all these numbers.

To find employment for so large a number of unskilled workers has been most difficult. "We never work. We only dance and sing," said one tribe. "What does the Government think?" exclaimed another in astonishment. "Do they take us for coolies?"

"Wash our clothes!" said one tribe, when it was suggested that

their garments needed soap and water. "Do you take us for dhobi (Indian washermen)?" "But could not your wives do it?" "Certainly not! It would spoil the taste of our food." But this very same tribe now comes to the meetings, well dressed, clean, and tidy.

It was at Gorakhpur, in the United Provinces, where the first "Crisis" Settlement was started. The Army being invited by Sir John Hewett to make an experiment with the Doms. A little later the Bhatus and Haburah in the neighbourhood of Mardabad were added to the list. Then followed the Berias at Aligarh and the Sansas of the Kheti District.

At Gorakhpur the Settlement occupies some extensive and substantial police lines, including two barracks, about eighty by forty feet each, and four smaller buildings, with a large and picturesque compound well shaded with trees. Silk reeling, cloth weaving, and carpentry are the industries taught the Settlers.

At Aligarh is one of the most important and picturesque Settlements. It is situated in a large fortress, which has received the name of Hewettpur. Here are about two hundred Berias, who are erecting lines for three hundred Settlers. One of the most interesting features of this work is its constant variety. Near the city of Lahore is the Government forest of Changa Manga, consisting chiefly of mulberry trees. The happy thought occurred to the Lieutenant-Governor that the money spent in cutting the forest might well be utilized in reforming the Criminal Tribesmen and finding them employment. It was with some difficulty that the tribesmen were prevailed upon to undertake the heavy labour of felling, cutting, and stacking timber, but the Settlement is now in its third year, and steady progress has been maintained.

A difficult people to manage was the Pakhiwara Tribe, who live in the village of Kot Mokhal. A school and weavery were at first opened; but the Officers had scarcely arrived when they were robbed of ninety-six rupees (about \$48). This, however, is a very rare experience, and in the present instance, when the people got to know the Officers better they returned the money.

The Settlers who came to the Bezwada Settlement in the Madras Presidency were of the Erikula Tribe, and at first they proved very unmanageable. They would not work, they would not stay, they would not do anything they were wanted to do. Their very donkeys lay down and refused to carry stones, because, as their masters explained, they had been accustomed to carry salt all their lives.

The Army had built them comfortable quarters, but would they enter them? No—it was unlucky. They would surely die! They preferred to sleep in the open. To that no serious objection was offered. The first anniversary of this Settlement has not yet been celebrated, but already there is a marked improvement. It began among the children.

"How can I be saved from wickedness and made good?" earnestly asked a boy one day from our Officers. Next Sunday he brought six others, and they all knelt in prayer and similarly asked God to make them good. There are now about five hundred men, women, and children in the Settlement. Two quarries in the neighbourhood provide employment. The Settlement is named Sainyapuram (Army town).

The tributes of appreciation from those who have watched the work from its inception have been no small encouragement to the Officers, who feel that the blessing of God has accompanied their efforts and made possible these results, where human power by itself would have failed. It is a great work. For its extension, as suggested above, Officers are urgently needed.

"To what do you ascribe your success?" said one of the visitors to the Officer in charge. "Religion," replied the Officer. "Superstition," responded the visitor. "Well, sir, you can call it superstition if you like, but we call it the power of God."

# FELLOWSHIP:

*By The Chief of The Staff (Commissioner Howard).*

[We are pleased to be able to publish this article from the Chief's pen. Written as it is with restrained intimacy and choice devotional feeling, it will, we are sure, be greatly valued by our readers.—Ed.]

WITH the closing of the Easter season, the anticipating of the Ascension and Whitsuntide engagements began, and I was led to reflect on things which happened in the Garden of Gethsemane between the original events. A new conception this thought emerged: between that first Easter and the Ascension there lay for the discloses of Jesus Christ a period of peculiar fellowship with their Lord. For forty days they often walked and talked with him, and He deepened their understanding and gave them a totally new conception of their relationship to Himself and the Divine Kingdom. One touch of this is set out in an exclamation of the two disciples as Jesus as they journeyed to Emmaus. They had not recognized their Lord; their eyes were blinded, bedimmed, dimmed, their minds were clouded, perhaps, with doubt; their ears so dulled that His voice roused no memories. But when their vision cleared they knew Him, and said one to another, "Did not our hearts burn within us as He talked with us by the way?" That touch of fellowship left its mark in their experience; it was the dawn of a new conception that remained until the end of their days.

## NOT ONLY INCIDENTAL TOUCHES, BUT CONSTANT UNION.

This reasonable reflection stirred afresh within me the sense of our blessed privilege, for we His servants may have a real, personal, intimate fellowship with our Lord. We have not only incidental touches fellowship with our Lord, but the constant relia-

tion which that spiritual fellowship implies.

We must too strongly insist on the reality of Divine fellowship. It

is provided in God's economy of salvation. It has been received by God's

agents in all ages. It is still the privilege of true believers, and it makes

all the difference in Christian life and service. We need not argue those

statements, for many of us can hardly dare to the glory of God that

"truly our fellowship is with God, and with His son, Jesus Christ."

But what is meant by this fellowship?

Well, I mean it means much more than saying prayers to God.

It means mutual sense of presence and intercourse, interchanges of

thought and feeling and purpose. Fellowship is not a thing of prayers

only; it is a thing of atmosphere, where the soul moves and moves in

touch with the Divine; a thing of light, where the Divine illumination

falls on life's ways and problems right to the vestibule of eternity,

and then the portals open and let the soul exchange its fellowship of

light for face-to-face intercourse with its Lord.

The soul never goes down to the depths without fear, because he

breathes in atmosphere quite foreign to the destructive element around

him. The fully sanctified man in the midst of life's battles and

activities, lives and moves and has his being in a Heavenly atmosphere.

He says:—

"My hands are but engaged below;

"My heart is still with Thee."

This is the Divine fellowship of light and love and service, and may be

experienced until it merges into the fellowship of glory.

The points, however, that I wish to emphasize are these:—

1. The practical aspect of fellowship is vital.

2. Fellowship with Jesus produces likeness, and

3. That fellowship and heart purity are closely connected.

## PEACE, BUT A CHARGE TO FIGHT AS WELL.

So how vital is the practical aspect of Divine fellowship! The real basis of it is union—that is a union of mutual love and confidence. But

the practical outcome of this fellowship is all-important.

Strangely enough, that comes out in John's report of a meeting of the disciples, which took place on the same day as did the walk to Emmaus previously referred to. They were assembled with closed doors for fear of Jews, when to their amazement, Jesus came and made Himself known to them: "Be ye not afraid; come to you." He said; and that was when their torn, troubled hearts needed Christ; gave them the peace of peace.

Then, these weak, wavering men also needed power, and He gave them that when He breathed upon them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." But Jesus did more: "He came unto them with His great power." Jesus' words: "As My Father has sent Me, even so send I you." This was physical and vital enough, and would make a strong case for the bestowal of peace and power. Thus you see that divine fellowship relates to a great mission in the world.

Sometimes the soul has experiences like the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration. Truly, that was "Heavenly fellowship, and Peter would gain full battle tabernacles and rest there."

But Peter and others have had to learn the stern side of fellowship with Jesus: "It was an evil spirit that went out to you to stir up strife, to make you go into war." True, they were to go with this fierce devil, but the Holy Ghost—but it was to be a fellow-sided blending. Truly, that was "Heavenly fellowship, and Peter would gain full toll and sacrifices and suffering as well as of union and peace and power.

Let no one say that this was all special for Christ's immediate disciples. In a physical sense it was so. Their fellowship included the physical. They saw the love of Jesus with bodily eyes; they heard His words with physical ears; they touched the nail prints, for, as they afterwards said, "Our bodies have handled the Word of Life." But the scenes are not the only organs or media of conscious intercourse with the Divine Lord, for to every soul of us who truly desire to live in fellowship Christ will reveal Himself.

The physical touch and intercourse could only be local and transient, whereas the spiritual fellowship is restricted neither by time nor locality. The words of Jesus carry us beyond all that, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

It is to this Divine indwelling that Paul refers when he speaks of "The fellowship of the Spirit." It is this that enables the soul to realize that—

"The Invisible appears in sight,

And God is seen by mortal eye."

It is in this fellowship of the Spirit that we are empowered to do life's work, to bear life's crosses and fight life's battles. It was this that supported the martyrs as they went in triumph to their cruel death, and it is this that will help you to tread life's maze and sacrifice the world's pleasures.

## BUT ALSO FOR OUR TRANSFORMATION.

I wish also, to emphasize the fact that fellowship with Jesus Christ produces likeness. We receive the Holy Ghost not only for our peace and comfort and victory, but for our transformation. He conforms us to the likeness of our Lord.

You know there is a sense in which intercourse produces similarity. Sometimes it is even physically, especially in family relationships; but it is more often in taste and desire and purpose. Anyhow there is a remarkable blending. So it is that when the Spirit of Christ in our hearts, and the same purpose dominating us, we grow not only stronger in our Lord, but more and more like Him.

It is important to recognize that this fellowship includes the things offensive to one of the persons concerned must not be allowed in the life and the high and holy desires and purposes of the one must be the same as those of the other, and the principles with the other. This is Divine union.

The statement that fellowship and heart purity are closely connected is of equal importance seeing that fellowship with Christ keeps the heart pure. His Spirit is a cleansing Spirit, whose dwelling presence keeps out evil, quenches the fiery darts of sin, temptation, and adorns the character with those grace and personal Holiness.

John seems to have meant just that when, referring to the sons of God, he said, "They purify themselves even as He is pure." He did not link up fellowship and purity. To whom is the vision directed? To God? "What is the effect of anticipating that glorious day of heavenly union with Christ? As I quoted previously, "Every one that hath this hope, purifies himself."

(Concluded on next page.)

# OFF THE BEATEN TRACK.

SOME STRANGE AND HELPFUL OCCUPATIONS  
IN WHICH SALVATIONISTS ARE ENGAGED.

BEYING the Apostolic injunction to "be all things to all men," Salvationists have often to do some very strange work. In order to help and save the poor people in Germany, instance, an army of missionaries has been sent up the doctor, and her only hope was infirmary treatment. No other means of communication were possible, and there were two days to wait for the coast steamer. We therefore did the journey and brought the woman to the infirmary, where we were informed she could not have lived a day longer without treatment. She is now perfectly well.

In order to reach the canal folk of Holland The Army has a barge named "Hoop voor

hore." The Captain and bandage and attendants in his barge, and before long arrived, and to the evident pleasure and amazement of a crowd of onlookers, the boy attended to.

"Hof-singing," or Court-singing, is given to one of The Army's forms of camping in the city of Berlin, Germany. Families live in one huge block of buildings Berlin, and it will readily be seen how difficult it is to get a hearing in such a court. In most cases a beginning is cautiously made with singing, accompanied by music. Much more liberty is now granted the success of the work is blessed evidence of earnestness of our German comrades. Meetings are held in Scandinavia.

## I've Lost The Pearl!

I've lost the Pearl of greatest price,  
My heart doth wail and cry;  
And wail I must till Christ I find,  
Oh, what a wretch am I!

Charmed by the music of the world,  
I strayed outside the fold;  
The mire led, I quickly found  
What-gitters is not gold.

Beguiled by pleasure's cup, I've proved  
Things are not what they seem;  
The dregs remain, and life is but  
A desert and a dream.

Why did I taste forbidden fruit,  
Believe the Tempter's lie?  
The hirdings fled and left my soul  
Midst hungry wolves to die.

Cheated, befooled, deceived, betrayed,  
Outcast and tempest-tossed,  
Through my stopped ears, my frightened  
Hearts-wailings of the lost.

Hark! At my bolted door a knock,  
A voice steals through the din;  
I loving toiles it pleads and weeps,  
Backslider, let Me in!"

"Lord, heal my poor backsliding heart,  
My captive soul set free;  
Come, come again, once more to reign,  
And live Thy life in me."

I opened the door, Down on my face,  
His form I could not see;  
He kissed the tears away and said,  
"Restored one, sup with Me."

Alien" (Home for All), which constantly travels up and down the waterways of that country. The interest is in the education of the deaf and dumb language, with a view to their helping in this work, and six Officers are entirely set apart to attend to the spiritual welfare of these poor people and minors to be appointed.

How greatly these efforts are appreciated, the following story will show:

A deputation waited one day upon the Officer in charge of this Department, and presented a typewriter for her use. The Ensign could not quite understand what had prompted such a gift. In answer to her questioning, the spokesman of the deputation said, "We are here at present to assist the people who are invited aboard and the message of Salvation is proclaimed."

In Norway, The Army possesses a lifeboat, the work of which may well be reckoned among the unusual activities of the Organization. This lifeboat, which is named "The Catherine Booth," has been in use for the last fifteen years, and has been instrumental in saving many lives, especially those whose lives were in danger. Not only have many of these men been saved from untimely death, but so deeply have they been impressed by the robust Christianity of their rescuers, that they have become followers of Christ and in turn rough and ready missionaries to their comrades.

But the work of the lifeboat and her splendid

## FINDING WIVES FOR EX-CRIMINALS

Finding wives for ex-criminals is a task which very few Army Officers are called upon to undertake. But recently, in The Army's work for the Criminal Tribesmen of India, nine native brides were obtained for that number of settlers. The Western custom of mutual selection is almost entirely unknown in the East. The contracting parties nearly always have been chosen by the Army itself. Now a number of native men, at one time, in the Army Settlements could not obtain wives, as the Army demanded being exorbitant. The tendency to commit crime in order to raise money was very strong, and The Army therefore took to find wives for them. A woman Officer was appointed to find the wives and negotiate the marriages, with the result that nine couples were happily married.

The Post Master, Lawyer in London, England, may be among the unusual activities. The law is generally so complex a matter that it is often beyond the grasp of the poor, and in any case, the legal advice is beyond their means; but for the assistance given by The Army many people would lose the benefits to which they are undoubtedly entitled. About three thousand persons are advised and assisted in this way each year.

These are but a few of many ways in which The Army is aiding the progress of the nation by helping the poor and needy.

## Shafts of Light.

### BY THE LATE GENERAL

Do right, if the heavens fall!  
Affection is the manustring of sacrifice.

Every man is a genius in some direction.

True courage is independent of arguments.  
Go straight for souls, and go for the world.

Every hour and every power for Christ and duty.

You can love your way through every difficulty.

If it is right to ring a bell, it is right to bid a drum.

The world does not want theology but Salvation.

Idleness is stark ruin, and the devil's opportunity.

A stony-hearted preacher makes a hardened people.

Anybody can believe when he feels it a believer—when you don't feel.

Make another chapter to the "Gospel" of Apostles by being an apostle yourself.

The devil's tunes are the only things belonging to him that are worth stealing.

## FELLOWSHIP: An After-Easter Reflection.

(Continued from previous page.)

### BY THE CHIEF OF THE COMMISSIONER HOWARD

their understandings; but the memorable feature of their talk

"Did not our hearts burn within us while He talked with us?"

"It's always true that religion is a spiritual thing, and not a way?"

"The great things of spiritual life are not found in intellect; they are the discoveries of the heart, and to be blessed with the Divine fellowship the heart must be cleansed with the Holy Ghost."

The same connection is seen between that Apostolic statement, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ," followed as it is by the glorious declaration, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, the Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" it is this that causes our continual emphasis on the necessity for a clean heart.

We must not forget that fellowship is a thing of the heart. The effect

## THE EASTER WAR CRY.

APRIL 14.

THE EASTER WAR CRY.

HOW THE PRACTICAL MINISTRATIONS  
OF ARMY OFFICERS OFTEN LEAD TO  
REPENTANCE AND NEWNESS OF LIFE.

he could get some sort of a job he would probably go horse-stealing again. "I'll get a job," said the Major.

It was a rather difficult task to find employment for so old a man; especially with such record of crime behind him, but the Major got him fixed up all right.

The Army being interested in him, the old man, in turn, became interested. The Army began attending meetings at the local Corps, which resulted that he got converted. He is doing splendidly, says the Major, and now occupies quite a position of trust in the establishment which first employed him.

A similar case was M—, an old man who was paroled last winter. He had served three terms in the Penitentiary, for forgery, and this, together with his age, made it extremely difficult to obtain employment for him.

To accompany the Major on his daily round you would have to get up very early in the morning, for he is out of the house shortly after sunrise and on his way to the Central Prison, Toronto, to meet the men who are being discharged. He has previously acquainted himself with some facts about the men, and so, when at seven o'clock, he interviews them in the prison office he knows what is best to do in each case. Some perhaps are going out of the city—he has to select the right men to see them off on the train. Others need lodgings provided for them in the city, work found, and perhaps some clothes.

These matters attended to, the Major is off to Terrebonne Headquarters, to see what the morning mail has brought. The answering of letters and other office work keeps him busy till about 11 a.m., when he goes to the prison, this time to visit the men from cell to cell. Many interesting conversations take place during this visitation, and the Major is entrusted with numerous messages to friends and relatives. Whenever possible, he gives a spiritual counsel and prays with him. Numbers have thus been led to repeat their initial lives and hence follow Christ. The Major refers often to the satisfaction to these converts, and can generally report of each one, "Yes, he is doing well at so-and-so."

The afternoon is usually taken up with calling on parents, wives, and other relatives of the prisoners, cheering them as much as possible under the circumstances, with words of the closest one. He may be asked to bring personal belongings of the prisoner held in his care to be packed and sent to a certain address for safe-keeping, or wages due to him, to be drawn and kept in reserve

husband at the Central Prison meetings on alternate Saturdays. Once a month the Major conducts a Sunday school meeting at the Central. He is also responsible for seeing that meetings are conducted at the Mimico and Whitby branches of the prison. A visit to the Kingston Penitentiary once every six weeks also falls to the Major's lot, besides an occasional visit to Guelph, where Ensign Adams is doing similar work.

"How does the work?" Oh, they are splendid results, and of the kind that are specially dear to the heart of a Salvationist. There is Old Man B—, for instance, seventy-two years of age. He was an inveterate thief, and served several long terms in jail for his crimes. The Major asked him what he was going to do when he got out, and the old man said that he had no home and no friends, and unless

he receives studies of some other Biblical character.

Our esteemed contributor, Mrs. Blanche Johnston writes of the Return from Calvary—an accompaniment to the Supplement.

For the sake of new readers we may mention that the subject of our serial story is Major Gideon Miller. Next week's instalment will speak of the various circumstances connected with his call to Officership.

It has been the custom to print a few copies of the Easter "Cry" on special paper. That custom is discontinued, with the present number. All are printed alike.

For all the extra work involved in the preparation of this issue, the author and his wife will feel themselves well repaid if their intention of conveying some idea of certain aspects of The Army's "Missionary" Work is realized.

God bless "The War Cry!"  
God bless our reader!  
And God bless our heralds!

## TO THE CANDIDATE FOR OFFICERSHIP.

GO FORTH TO THE WORK OF THE MASTER,

DEAR COMRADE, IN LIFE'S EARLY MORNING;

LET COURAGE AND PURPOSE UNITE;

WITHIN THE GLORY OF YOUR BOYHOOD,

CONFIDENTLY LEAD BY HIS LIFE-WORK.

SO EARNEST, SO LOYAL, SO JUST,

AND WRITE ON THE FOLDS OF YOUR BANNER,

THIS MOTTO, "IN GOD WILL I TRUST."



The Late General when visiting Hadleigh Land and Industrial Colony (Eng.).  
(From a recent photograph, which was taken probably twelve or fourteen years ago. An article by The General appears on Page 11.)

# Salvation Fighters of the Sea-Girt Isle.

ENSIGN TILLEY WRITES SHORT SKETCHES OF SOME VETERAN COMRADES OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

F the quarter of a million people that inhabit Newfoundland, no fewer than four per cent. are Salvationists, or members of the Army. This is a percentage unequalled in any other part of the world, and demonstrates how dearly the people of the Sea-Girt Isle love the Yellow, Red, and Blue, and all that it stands for. Newfoundlanders are, as a rule, intensely enthusiastic, and this trait manifests itself particularly in their religion. They make up the Sons of the Salvation Army, and seldom in the course of their careers, and firm in adherence to principle, even to their own personal loss at times. Exposed to the perils of the sea, as numbers of them constantly are, they learn, to the accompaniment of howling winds, crashing ice, and rolling billows, powerful lessons of trust in God. And many are the tales told of marvellous deliverances from peril to safety at power.

What sort of a Salvation Soldier the Newfoundlanders is, however, may best be told by means of personal sketches of a few typical comrades. The following have been supplied by Ensign Tilley, of Bell Island.

One of The Army's first notable converts in Newfoundland, he says, is Sergeant B.—. Previous to The Army's advent he was a notorious drunkard, and practically all that he earned went to satisfy his craving for liquor. Through attending Army meetings he got deeply convicted of his sins, and now is a zealous worker in His cause. He would have Him never touch the drink again. It is nearly thirty years ago since we made that solemn vow, and God has enabled him to keep it, though he has endured much persecution.

He boasts of having as "a continual comrade in the war" the oldest Soldier in Britain's oldest colony. Four of the children of this happy comrade are now in The Army, and are doing work in The Army on the Islands. Our comrade is a lover of snails, and delights especially in helping poor drunkards, many of whom he has led to God.

Another veteran Soldier is Brother G.—. Formerly a noted drunkard, swearer, and fighter, he is now a champion of the right, and a man of mighty power in prayer.

When stationed at His Corps I often stopped

outside his house for a minute or two when on my way to the night meeting to listen to his praying, and my own heart was always greatly stirred.

He is fond of telling about the following remarkable answer to prayer. Once when he was crossing the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Portugal with a load of codfish in a small sailing vessel, a severe storm arose. The crew became terror-stricken when a huge wave was shipped which carried away the helm, thus ren-

## ONLY ONE DAY APART!

**N**O hint or whisper stirred the air. To tell what joy should be, The sad disciples grieving there, Nor help nor hope could see. Yet all the while the glad, near sun Must ready its gift daily.

And Calvary and Easter Day, The darkest day and brightest day, Were just one day apart!

Oh, when the strife of tongues is loud, And the heart of hope beats low, When the prophets prophecy of ill, And the mourners come and go, In this sure thought let us abide, And keep and stay our heart; That Calvary and Easter Day, Earth's heaviest and happiest day, Were but one day apart.

dering the vessel helpless. In this dilemma our comrade stepped forward, and in the presence of his mates called upon God to save them. Almost at once a large liner was sighted, which, being signalled, hove down upon them. They were all rescued, though with some difficulty, and came to England, from whence they had home safely homeward.

Not all of our Soldiers earn their living on the stormy deep, however. Many of them work in the lumber camps, where they hear testimony for God as unflinchingly as their mates afloat.

One of these is Colour-Sergeant G.—, better known as "Uncle Jimmie." He embraces every

missionary he meets, and said, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities than the power of Christ may rest upon me." There was no thought of discouragement or of giving up the fight, because he lacked some oaths. Oh! No! It was his to accept the loss.

Sgt. "Mime to suite in face of failure, Thus to gladden my defeat; Mine to kneel and drink of tears, Thine to make its waters sweet."

But here is yet stronger testimony to Paul's humility, he says. "And I was weak in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling. No missionary felt his weakness more than I did. And this must be very encouraging to timid Officers or Candidates, that even Paul trembled with the sense of the responsibility of his mission, yet he was mightily used of God in the conversion of not only the bigoted and prejudiced Jews, but also the Gentiles."

The largeness of Paul's plans is also worthy of notice. We read, "Paul purposed in this spirit when he had passed through Macedonia and Achaea to go to Jerusalem, saying, After I have been there, I must also see Rome." Mark here the vastness of the Apostle's missionary plan; and then we are all filled with admiration at the magnificence he purpose travel. He was in Ephesus when he said this, he would cross the Aegean Sea, travel through the large Province of Macedonia, and so on to Achaea; then return east hundreds of miles to Asia; then west to Italy, going straight to the capital of the ancient Roman Empire, even Rome itself. And God permitted him so to do; for some years, until the end. Finally, Nero laid his devoted head upon the block, he fearlessly preached the Gospel in Rome, although he was a prisoner.

"For myself," Paul writes, "I will not glory, but I will labour still above measure, there given to me a short time in the flesh." He left a short account above measure, there given to me a short time in the flesh.

opportunity of speaking about eternal things to the godless men with whom the greater part of his life is spent, and he prays with them. With the Devil and all the other settings, he is convincing, testifying, and overcomer, and greatly helps to inspire his comrades.

He is firm as a rock where principles are concerned. This was once proved during the progress of a Local Option Campaign in the town. At this time, he was employed by a hotel keeper who tried to influence his men to either buy liquor or not vote at all. Uncle Jimmie noticed his intention of voting for Local Option, and when the loss of his remuneration loyally to his convictions, he joy of seeing the place "dry."

The last comrade I will mention is Captain the Newfoundlander Salvationist, Major P.—. He is over thirty years old, and he kept at the Penitent-Form in an old town which served as the first Army Hall in that town. While not a desperate sinner, our comrade, previous to conversion, was indifferent to God, and lived a carefree life. Through curiosity he would attend Army meetings, where he got awakened to his need of salvation. In those days people were inclined to persecute the converts, and our comrade made a hard testing.

One particular form of annoyance was to duck the converts into the water as they left out of the Hall. This was easy of accomplishment, as the Hall was built over the water, and the only path leading to it was bridged across by a narrow wooden bridge. Our comrade, faithful to the Word, however, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the Corpus go to be one of the best on the Island.

He is an ardent advocate of holy living, by his testimony and personal dealing with others into this blessed experience. One chief business man of the town sent for him one day and asked him to explain the desire to him. Our comrade did so, and before he left the office knelt in prayer with the master hand that filled the room, commanding to God.

There are but passing glimmers at among the noble ten thousand who are fighting for The Army in Newfoundland. May the numbers increase!

missionary should be? Which of us thinks perhaps through the long night, has required, "Where does the Lord wish us to labour?" And a vision comes from the sea, with appealing hands and a voice saying, "Come over and help us."

I only our spirit is one of eager desire to reach and save the lost, there is little fear that the call will come for, "Behold! the field are already white for harvest." What shall be our response?

## THE NOBLEST AMBITION OF ALL

To dare, to strive, to bleed in the service of humanity, is to secure the grandest of all crowns, although it be a crown of thorns, although it be a scold. And ever since Christ suffered on Calvary to redeem the race, He has not wanted nobility, but only the pure, the upright, the divinest spheres of sacrificial service has thronged all intervening generations been thronged by the holiest and bravest spirits contending for the brightness of crowns, animated by the sublimest of passions. All other ambitions are held back this.

## DO YOU PRAY WITH YOUR FAMILY?

Experiences of Home Worship Wanted for The War Cry.

Many "War Cry" readers will have had things to relate concerning their own experiences of family worship; and we earnestly invite them to tell us how they began, how they have overcome the difficulties arising from their own lives, how it has helped them themselves, what it has done for their children.

And is this, you ask, an example of what a

When you have read this paper, please give it to a friend who would not be likely to see a copy.

# For The Healing of The Nations.

FASCINATING GLIMPSES OF THE ARMY'S MEDICAL MISSIONARY WORK IN INDIA, JAVA, AND JAPAN—THE BLIND RECEIVE THEIR SIGHT, THE LEPROSY ARE KINDLY CARED FOR—TOUCHING FAITH IN POWER OF DOCTOR SAHIB.

LIKE many other, far-outspreading works of mercy, The Army's medical operations in the East had a very modest beginning. An English Salvationist, working in India, was grieved to see so much suffering among the natives, arising from their ignorance of the simplest remedies; he therefore began to read and study, so that he might alleviate some of that suffering.

In this way his gift was discovered, a medical training was secured for him, and he became Dr. (Brigadier) Harry Andrews, Medical Officer of The Army's Hospital in India, which was opened in 1888 at Nagpur, in the South, and of The Army Mother, "The Cathedral Booth." It was afterwards considerably enlarged.

In 1903 the Emery Hospital, a gift of the late Miss Emery, was opened at Anand Guzerat (some hundreds of miles north-east of the first), Dr. and Mrs. Andrews being placed in charge. They were succeeded at Anand by Dr. Thomas Booth Hospital by Major (Dr.) and Mrs. Peter Turner. And now the Thomas Emery Hospital at

bullock carts, others on ekkas, and those who cannot afford such means of transit, on foot, on men's shoulders, or on buffaloes, and other kinds of small conveyances. Some have painful disorders, others high fevers, and others have had chronic diseases affecting them for years. All come to be cured, after their hakims have had a try on them.

After a little trouble, the assistant writes their names down; some insist on giving their histories and that of their venerable ancestors as well, besides many other minor details.

A rush is made towards the table as soon as the Doctor Sahib appears.

"Pagan! Where is he?" That worthy makes his entrance, looking very weary indeed.

"What do you want?"

"Harir, I heard of your fame and so I have come from eighteen miles, may—"

"What is the matter with you?"

"I have a cough. It gives me much trouble

—cannot sleep nights because of it."

The Doctor tells the assistant to tell him to take his clothes off, that he may examine his chest. Soon the examination is finished and he

piece of paper. On examination the parcel was found to contain the mutilated fingers of a man. He asked the visitors, "We bring you the man, could you please put these bits of fingers back on him?" The look of disappointment answer to their question was truly pitiful.

At Mysore (the name means "City of Salvation") a dispensary was recently opened, and the Officer in charge, Captain Mortimer, soon became known for his ability to treat snake bites.

Not long ago a bullock cart drew up at the door, having come, it was stated, something like twenty miles, and the Captain was asked by one of the attendants whether he could cure a man who had been badly bitten.

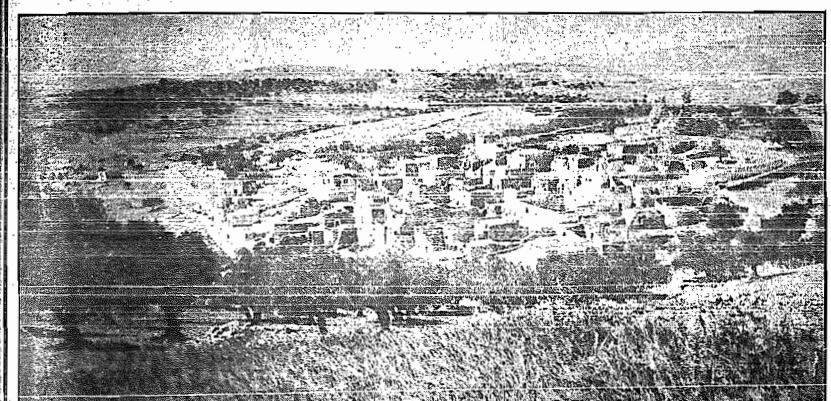
"Put him in, and let's see," the Captain replied.

"Please come out to the cart," they pleaded.

"No; you must lift him out of the cart. I can't do anything in there."

"But you don't understand," they said; "don't you see, he's—dead!"

They had quite expected the Salvationist to bring their comrade back to life.



Bethany, the scene of our Lord's Ascension, after He had charged His disciples to "Go out into all the world." (See Page 2.)

Moradabad, made possible by the same generous friend, is performing a like beneficent work in the far north. As in the case of the other Hospitals, medical work had been going on all the while the building was being erected.

A very valuable feature of this new Institution is the training of native nurses for maternity work, to which it is hoped that much of the indescribable and widespread suffering caused among India's poorest by neglect and ignorance in these matters will be negated and purified.

A man with one side of his face terribly swollen comes to the Doctor, and opening his mouth, points to the remains of a tooth.

"Very much pain," he says, by way of explanation.

"Oh, it will be all right, come and sit on this stool." Then to the patient, "Just boil some tea for me, and get me some water."

Meanwhile, the Doctor again goes out to see more patients. He finds quite a crowd there, and sees as many as possible. Soon the assistant informs him all is ready and he hurries into the dressing room. He tells the patient to look up.

"Open your mouth now, don't shake." A short, painful "Aah" and the ordeal is over, and the patient is relieved.

"Oh, it will be all right, come and sit on this stool." Then to the patient, "Just boil some tea for me, and get me some water."

Some idea of an ordinary day's work at this Hospital may be gained from the following description:—

It is early morning. The sun is just appearing over the horizon. Two or three patients are already sitting in the compound. One of them coughs vigorously, another putting his hands over his eyes, gives a dismal groan—all in all the Doctor is surprised at the number of patients he begins to speak the language of sympathy and then endeavour to surpass each other by eloquently recounting their sufferings. . . .

Meanwhile, more patients arrive; some on

is sent off to get his medicine.

Then the Doctor goes to the dressing room, where he finds a juvenile patient struggling on the table, while his mother paces up and down, entreating the Doctor to keep him quiet, so as to enable the nurse to wash and attend to his eyes. Other patients of different ages await their turn.

A man with one side of his face terribly swollen comes to the Doctor, and opening his mouth, points to the remains of a tooth.

"Very much pain," he says, by way of explanation.

"Oh, it will be all right, come and sit on this stool." Then to the patient, "Just boil some tea for me, and get me some water."

Meanwhile, the Doctor again goes out to see more patients. He finds quite a crowd there, and sees as many as possible. Soon the assistant informs him all is ready and he hurries into the dressing room. He tells the patient to look up.

"Open your mouth now, don't shake." A short, painful "Aah" and the ordeal is over, and the patient is relieved.

"Oh, it will be all right, come and sit on this stool." Then to the patient, "Just boil some tea for me, and get me some water."

Some idea of an ordinary day's work at this Hospital may be gained from the following description:—

It is early morning. The sun is just appearing over the horizon. Two or three patients are already sitting in the compound. One of them coughs vigorously, another putting his hands over his eyes, gives a dismal groan—all in all the Doctor is surprised at the number of patients he begins to speak the language of sympathy and then endeavour to surpass each other by eloquently recounting their sufferings. . . .

Meanwhile, more patients arrive; some on

In the beautiful Island of Java, in the Dutch East Indies, an equally remarkable work is in progress. The Seaford Hospital, at Soekar's Eye Bank, the Superintendent of which is Mr. (Staff-Captain) Wille, who is by birth a Dane, and in obedience to call for the Missionary Field gave up a growing practice, and offered his services to The Salvation Army. He is regarded by rich and poor alike as the chief eye specialist in the Island. Thousands of patients have received treatment, many of them the poorest of the poor, in the deepest recesses of the island, where it may seem, people who had already gone blind have had their sight restored. One person came no less a distance than three hundred miles, and a very poor family all came an eight-days' journey.

As in the case of the other Hospitals, medical work had been going on all the while the building was being erected.

A very valuable feature of this new Institution is the training of native nurses for maternity work, to which it is hoped that much of the indescribable and widespread suffering caused among India's poorest by neglect and ignorance in these matters will be negated and purified.

The poor people of India have some strange notions concerning the white doctor's powers.

"One day," says Colonel Sukh Singh (Blowers), "an anxious deputation from a village fifteen miles away called at the Emery Hospital, bringing with them something wrapped in a dirty

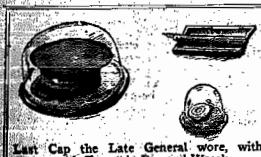
sheet.

Javanese of the highest and lowest classes are treated. One morning the Doctor operated on a Dutch lady, the daughter of an admiral. The next patient to be treated was a native prisoner, who wore a heavy iron ring round his neck, and was in chains. Later during the same morning,

(Continued on Page 22)

*(Continued from page 5)*  
leaves such a room as a quiet, simple, comfortable room, and my guide up the staircase to the room in which the General died.

On the landing outside the room is a wardrobe which contains the late General's motoring outfit. One gets an insight by these coats into what these Motor-car Campaigns meant to the war-worn old Leader. In Great Britain a tour of seven weeks during which he ran a great number of arduous conditions; rain through sunshine and dust; rain, wind, mud and mud the dauntless old campaigner proceeded to his engagements. One of the coats simply astonished



Last Cap the Late General wore, with his Fountain Pen and Watch.

me by its weight. It must have been a tremendous burden upon his feeble shoulders. The onward rush of the cars, however, made such a garment very necessary.

It was with feeling approaching awe that I entered the chamber where General William Booth, the hero who "never turned his back, but man'd breast forward," had done his summing up. Two great figures of the Army of Salvation had commanded him into their presence, and he had also been summoned by Royal command into the presence of eight other rulers, including Kings, Queens, Emperors, and Empresses: but in this room he had received the summons: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." He had been summoned from the presence of the Queen and only Presented the King of Kings and Lord of lords!

The bed wherein he died, naturally first attracted my attention. On top of the pillows, folded in a tiny square, was the handkerchief he last used. How vividly there simple things brought the night of August 20th, 1912, before me. I rested my hand upon the bedrail and surrendered myself to the spell of my surroundings.

That pillow had supported his head when, after nearly three score years and ten of reliance upon the Word of God, he gave utterance to that glorious testimony which has been and will be a stay to human faith in times when the strain of life tries one's confidence and hopelessness. The words of General Booth were these: "If you will believe it!" That was what General William Booth said after nearly seventy years of such Christian experience as perhaps no other man has ever had. Let us trust!

Upon that white pillow lay the white head when the sorrow-stricken group were gathered round watching for the last moment to be drawn, when the Rev. Mr. Maxwell Booth, Commissioner, Mrs. Booth, Hellence, Col. Alexander Howard, Colonel Kitching, some of The General's grand-children, and others who had deservedly served him were there.

The passing of The Army's First General is a theme for an epic, but the records of that time are gone, and we can only guess what will, however, help us to visualize that event.

"Perfect quiet reigned in the room, made more hushed and hallowed by the feeling of approaching death, and the serene and sacred silence was only broken by the Chief's whispered ejaculation, 'This is death, is it not, doctor?' and Dr. E. W. Evans, 'Chief, this is death.'

"While tears of sympathy and anguish fell down the cheeks of all in the room, the chief advanced to the bedside, and bending over the weary warrior's form kissed the placid brow."

"Kiss him again, Chief," whispered Commissioner Lucy, "kiss him for Eva"; and as the Chief did so he tenderly placed in The General's hand, which was held over a telegraph key, a telegram from Commissioner Eva Booth containing the words: "Kiss him for me."

Over the head of the dead was draped The Army flag that was unfurled on Mount Calvary. In the centre is worked the words: "Flag of Mount Calvary, 1903."

I understood that this flag was very dear to him. Certainly it is associated with what must have been to one of The General's fine

imagination, and deep love for the Saviour of Mankind, a remarkable happening his visit to the Holy Land in 1905.

The bedroom is a large, well-lighted room, with a four-poster bed and a chair in front, as though of study, and it was here that the operation was conducted upon the left eye.

On the tables in front of the window are several objects of interest, one of which is the cap The General last wore. It is made of dark blue cloth. In front is a gold crest on red cloth. The words "The Salvation Army" are in gold on the oak-paneled back. Under its glass case it looks very large.

There is also The General's Song Book, a loose-leaf memorandum holder with a number of his favourite songs, typewritten in large letters to meet his failing sight. The first I observe is that well-known song so closely associated with the late General's Sunday morning meetings:—"Lord, I give You the Blood of the Lamb that was slain."

Close to it is The General's Bible. His name, in his own handwriting, is written on the titleleaf thus: "William Booth, General of The Salvation Army, Queen Victoria Street, London, England, March, 1905." Not far removed from Song Book and Bible is the late General's fountain pen. It was specially made for him.

The late General was a wizard with words. I close the Bible with a sigh. Never to hear his voice again—what a mournful thought. The last time I heard his preach was in the Massey Hall, Toronto, and the last time I heard him speak was when he told the story of his life in Officers in Council in that city. None who heard it will ever forget the words or the speaker.

Then his pen. What a fireless pen it was. I see the late Commissioner Ralton in his life of

#### FOR ALL SINNERS.

**H**E for all sinners died,  
    Was crucified,  
To Heaven ascended then,  
Where we, the sons of men,  
May follow—if we own  
We live through Him alone!

The General devotes a whole chapter to him as a writer.

How true, what a characteristic remark of the late General that is recorded thus by Commissioner Ralton:

"I had not the opportunity of seeing him until it was too late to speak to him, for he had said, half in humour, though half in earnest, when it was suggested, full as he had been of the hope of prolonged life almost to the end, 'Oh, yes, he'll be all right and get something for my life, and that will finish me off.'

On the table is also The General's watch—a repeater. Often during a wakeful night would

grasp of Communion. Eva Booth and Sister Lucy Booth, M.A.

For a little while I was in the room when it was a period of solemn introspection and recitation.

#### GRACE HOSPITAL, WINNIPEG.

(Continued from Page 8)

wonder that Winnipeg is proud of Grace Hospital. We should be surprised if the city had any other opinion on the matter. But due to all the work of pity and healing which we have spoken there always is present that still nobler work—the Division of souls without which Salvation Army could not long exist, and many friends and women (with whom meetings are held with other patients) find also here healing the wounds their sins have made upon their character. So they pass through the wards and corridors of Grace Hospital, although spirit form and invisible, is also the Great Physician and Lover of Souls.

#### THE RESURRECTION MORNING.

A Harmonist of the Bible Story.

The Scofield Bible harmonized by the evangelists in the following manner:

Mary Magdalene: Mary the mother of James and Salome, start for the sepulchre followed by other women bearing spices. They find the rolled away, and the first-named goes to tell Mary, the mother of James and John, and nearer, the tomb and sees the angel of the Lord.

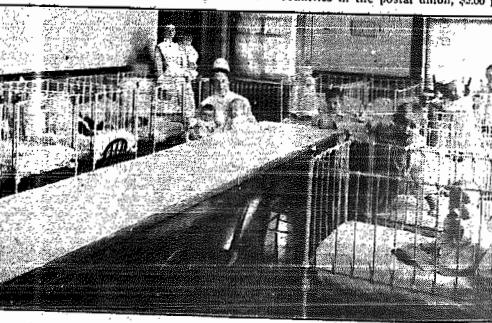
She then returns to meet the other women bearing the spices. Meanwhile Peter and John, formed by Mary Magdalene, arrive, look in and go away (John 20:1-10). Mary Magdalene remains weeping, sees the two angels and Jesus, goes as bidden to tell the disciples.

Jesus appears to the two angels and James and John, and they see the two angels and returning with them, they see the two angels (Luke 24:1-5; Mark 16:9). They also receive the angelic message, and, going to seek the disciples, meet Jesus (Matt. 28:8-10).

The order of our Lord's appearances on the day are given thus: (1) To Mary Magdalene (John 20:14-18); (2) to women remaining with the ankle message (Matt. 28:9); (3) to Peter, probably in the afternoon (Luke 24:11-12); (4) to the two angels (John 20:11-13); (5) to the disciples except Thomas (Luke 24:35); (6) to John 20:19-24).

#### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

For "The War Cry"—To territory west of Fort William, to Newfoundland, Great Britain, and Ireland, the United States, and all other countries in the postal union, \$2.00 per annum.



One of the Babies' Nurseries at Grace Hospital, Winnipeg. (See Pages 7 and 8.)

The General strike it to find out how the leaden time of the long hours were going.

The comb and brushes used by him to arrange the silver hair of his head and beard are there—objects of veneration to those who love his memory.

There are not many pictures—the chief is a striking coloured portrait on porcelain in the late Mrs. Booth; and there is also a fine photo-

To territory east of Fort William, \$1.00 per annum.

For "The Young Soldier"—Throughout Canada; soc per annum; The British Isles, the United States, and other countries in the postal union, \$1.00 per annum.

Orders should be addressed: The Trade Secretary, Territorial Headquarters, James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

11. 11. 1914.  
THE WAR CRY  
THE EASTER WAR CRY.

## Three Gideons.

THE RACY STORY OF A CANADIAN OFFICER'S EXPERIENCES WITH FASCINATING GLIMPSES INTO THE PAST.

[SUMMARY.—Life on a remote Ontario farmstead and in Grandfather Gideon's home sixty years ago is described. Grannie is a descendant of Jock Armstrong, the Border Chief of the Highlands. Canada. Gideon II, starts home making. The boy of school age is described in some racy chapter. A chapter is dedicated to The Army comes to town. Gideon's father gets converted. There is persecution, but Gideon is also caught.]

"On, on, on, on, no surrender,  
On, on, on, on, what can hinder?  
We'll all fight never to yield again  
Till the King shall reign."

"We took in most of the town on our march, going down the main street and back to our Hall; but we might apparently have stayed indoors, for nobody seemed even to look our way, although when we got back a few boys came and picked up grimed and raw meat.

Next day, Sunday, we followed the same course,

we marched out twice, singing the same words to the same old tune, but no one came near us. All day, we were left severely alone. The party who had been there before us had prejudgeted our chance. We were not at first recognized as being with the great Salvation Army. We had no friends, and unable to billets, we had to put up at one of the hotels.

"But my courage had lots of courage and faith. He would say to me, 'You know, there has been trouble here and the people have lost confidence in the Army, and we will have to live it down. If we can only convince them that we are bound to succeed!'

"This greatly raised my hopes, although the prospects were, humanly speaking, very poor.

"We were, for one thing, beginning to run out of money, of which we had only a little on coming to the town. We saw therefore that we were better off hotel than with no money whatever. So we resolved to go to Princeton, Ontario, about five miles. When we came to settle up with the hotel proprietor and thank him for his kindness, he refused to take anything. So we



had a little fire,  
And a little smoke,  
And a little smoke,  
And a little smoke,  
Should pursue, diminishing to  
gether and have all things.

"The Cadet undertook first to buy some kitchen utensils, and we then laid in a good stock of oatmeal and biscuits. For a beginning we seemed to be doing well. But then the question arose, 'What are we to do?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'Jesus had nothing to live His head; we are better off than He was. You can lie on one side of the stove and I on the other, each on an oak plank; you can have the tambourine for a pillow, and I will use the end of the broom.' I had come fully prepared to follow my leader, and ready in with this arrangement.

"We were soon ready to be kindly received here and thereby the people, having had the opportunity of visiting them and making known our purpose in coming; so that on our second Sunday we had an audience of about twenty. On the third Sunday there would be about double that number, and several of them came forward and shook hands, wishing us Godspeed.

"The Cadet certainly poured out his heart in speaking to those little gatherings: I gave my simple testimony, and some of the people seemed to be deeply affected. We were now delighted over the prospects of victory, and when the congregation had gone and the door was closed, we were free to relax and rejoice in our freedom. The Cadet would assure me in these confident moments that God was 'going to move the place,' and we laid our weary bodies down on the hard planks with souls full of happy anticipation.

"One of these Sundays, the second on this, we were aroused at midnight by a loud knocking at the old church door. Getting up and answering it, I found a young man there who had attended the evening meeting. He wanted to know if we were living in the church. I said yes, we were making the best of a bad job, a good job perhaps. I should have said a very bad job, but I was too excited to notice this inside. It wasn't particularly comfortable to be standing half-clad at the open door on a midwinter night. He came in, and the conversation continued.

"'Boys,' he said, 'I went home to sleep, and I went to bed, but I couldn't sleep. I had to get up and come back.' Then he began to cry, and said, 'I would give anything if I could say I am saved.'

"He had a few words with him, and then got down on our knees and prayed for him, and he prayed for himself. And although many years have passed, I still say that was one of the most moving scenes I have ever seen. It seemed as though we were in Heaven. That was the first thrill of joy I experienced in helping a soul to worship or adoration or even a mediator in our prayers.

"At the same time the glimpse we had of our Saviour's relationship to His parents was clear and plain. That he showed to them honour and affection. This is this is more manifested than in the incident pictured in our Supplement.

(Continued on next page.)

(To be continued.)

## THE EASTER WAR CRY

Leave us not, O Lord, we beseech Thee, for we are weak.

Envoyed to the front, our men are

now in the field, and we are

here to help them, and to

Mary may be here to comfort

the authentic records of

that Mother as

of our Son. We are

sure that heart memories

of incidents of His history.

How far he understood it had

through the blackness of awful

we do not know.

But we do know that he stored

the agony of those last bitter moments

in his brain, our Lord remem

Ber and his love in tenderness and

passing in holy places to try to

avert of accosted death.

He passed three

years in agony and abuse; cruci

ified, following as it did upon

endless sleeplessness.

and into the circle of exquisite

sense plunged him in misery which

possibly follow. We touch a mys

terious Divine Love and Justice

in world's atonement and redemp

tion of that? One who has

one's head in gloom and humiliat

the memory seems the world's sacra

ment.

provided a human companion for

His beloved Mother.

It is significant that He chose for this service

John, the beloved disciple! The one who best

understood His own heart. We do not know

what personal charge may have been laid upon

the following by his Master. But John best knew

how to minister and care for the Lord's Mother

through the earliest hours of her grief and

bereavement.

There is an early tradition which was accepted

by the early followers of Christ that Jesus paid

His first visit on the Resurrection Morning to

His Mother's home. It may be so, and it seems

probable. He gave her one of His last dying

words, and it is one of His earliest

messages of hope was also given to her. But

as the narrator of the Gospel stories draw

a veil of silence over an interview so sacred and

personal.

For us the Lesson may be summed up in the

line of the psalmist:

"When in the darkness Jesus is near me,

Strength to my soul, my light to bear;

Through all my journeys what e'er shall come,

I have His presence, my spirit to cheer."

FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS.

(Continued from Page 19)

The Doctor first operated on a homeless boy and then on the son of a Sultan, who was dressed in flowing robes and wore a golden crown in which

sparkled a hundred diamonds.

In one year 1,302 patients were treated, and

37,693 consultations conducted. Altogether, 654

THE International Congress COMMENCES IN LONDON (ENG.) ON Thursday, June 11.

The Immigration Department Can Arrange Your Booking

right from your residence to London and return; either first, second, or third class, according to the size of

the steamer. All inquiries to General

names of vessels, dates of sailing, etc., should be addressed to

LIEUT.-COLONEL TURNER, Immigration Department, no ALBERT ST. TORONTO.

## FLYING OUT THE BANNER!

FLYING out the Banner! Heathens lands Shall see from far the glorious sight, And nations crowding to the born Baptise their spirits in its light.

FLYING out the Banner! Let it float Skewward and seaward, high and wide! Our glory is in the Cross, Our only hope the Crucified!

operations were performed, 284 of them of a nature. Sixty-eight persons who were totally blind received their sight back again, and patients who would surely have become blind if they had not received the treatment were saved. Many of the patients have been led to trust in Jesus Christ, the Saviour and physician of their souls.

Another unfortunate class of people also

were and still are sent to the Army. A Dispensary is connected with the Army. During the past six months the Army has done seven hundred hours of work ministered to 2,100 sick people.

One of the interesting features of the Medical Work in the Japanese campaign every morning a meeting is held before mass, when so many converts have been won for God that a Corps composed of 100 converts is to be formed.

The remarkable success which has attended the Army's efforts in this direction is largely responsible for the interest which has aroused among the Japanese by the appeal to funds to erect a Hospital for Consumptives, a Memorial to the late General. The great feature of such an institution will be at once apparent when we note that out of a total of 1,000 deaths in 1910, no fewer than 112,000 died of consumption. The majority of the cases of



Graduating Class of Nurses, Grace Hospital, 1910. Standing: E. Demarest, A. Kinsella. Day. In front: Adjutant Becksted, Staff-Captain Payne, Ensign Ellery. (See page 7 and 8.)

claim: The Army's sympathy in the Dutch Indies namely, the lepers. As twelve thousand are said to exist in the Islands, the establishment of homes for them is a matter of urgency above all in the interests of public health. The Leper Colony at Palembang has been considerably enlarged and the patients are as happy as can be expected. It was not many years ago a most undesirable place, but since The Army took over the management, at the request of the Government, "hell has been turned into heaven," as a priest who knew described it.

The Colony has a Brass Band, consisting of seven Bandmen, and the Bandmaster - and the Bandmaster is a leper, but he is also a genius. He has trained his Bandmen well, and the music produced is very satisfactory.

There is a school for the children, the schoolmaster himself being a leper, blind already, but still doing splendid work.

The disease frequently plays havoc with the mind, so that a few are insane. One woman, for instance, has been over forty years on the Colonies. She is in a semi-condition blind and insane. But she receives a good treatment from our Officers, in fact, do them all. The love of God fills the Officers' hearts, and this motivates the work, though often repulsive, all the lighter.

A Javanese doctor attends the patients, he is assisted by four women Officers and about a dozen native nurses.

A second Leper Colony was to be established in March on an island given for that purpose by the Sultan of Medan. Since, however, there have been hundreds of stricken men and women living a miserable existence, receiving no treatment and shunned by everybody.

The object of the Colony is not only to isolate the unfortunate, and thus stop the spread of their disease, but also to relieve their sufferings.

In Japan, The Army's Medical Work is directed again that dead enemy compensation. Twelve months ago a Hospital was established in Tokyo, with funds provided by the late Miss Emily. Of the total number of patients treated during the year three hundred and seventy, or

sumption, are amongst the patient classes, as at present in the colonies, there are only one hundred beds set aside for such cases.

Land on which to erect the Hospital has already been purchased, and it is intended the building shall be large enough to accommodate one hundred and fifty patients.

My faith would lay her hand On that neck head of Thine, While as a penitent I stand, And here confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see The burden Thou didst bear When hanging on the accursed tree. And knows her guilt was there.

WOMEN FOLLOW THEIR LORD.

Ever Faithful throughout His Ministry, Women seem to have followed the Master's footprints all through His ministry, even when their presence is not noted by the evangelists. When He set out from Galilee for His final visit to Jerusalem, to be present at the Passover, "many women followed after Him, who ministered to Him, and some of His apostles and other disciples. They must have lived in loving but helpless anxiety as to what men were planning against Him and doing harm to Him.

They first appear at the crucifixion, when a considerable group, including Mary of Magdala, Mary the mother of Simon, and the wife of Cleopas, and Salome, watched with a dismal sense the crucifixion and death of their Master, while Mary and John stood near by the cross, and received those last words which gave him a new mother and her a new son.

One of the great pictures of the passion is the cross upon which Jesus stands, while the group of sorrowing women occupy the foreground. Our Lord's mother leans broken-hearted on the shoulder of a friend, while Mary of Magdala, the dress of a woman of wealth, stands by, her eyes fixed on the central cross. The picture gives us a clear sense of the event by showing the effect on the minds of the spectators, the spectators. They only record the presence of the women, and leave us to imagine what was their prostration with grief.

But they tell us that when Joseph got leave to take down the body from the cross and bury it, the women drew near to help, and went with it to the tomb.

April 11, 1914.

## THE EASTER WAR CRY.

## SOLO FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

Tunes.—Where is my wandering boy; She wore a wreath of roses; Song Book, 798.

1 There is a green hill far away, Without a city wall, Where the dear Lord was crucified Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell, What pains He had to bear; But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good, That we might go at last to Heaven, Saved by His precious Blood.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved, And we must love Him, too; And trust in His redeeming Blood, And try His works to do.

Tunes.—Silchester, 75; Song Book, 187.

2 Not all the blood of beasts On Jewish altars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash away our stain.

But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins away; A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand On that neck head of Thine, While as a penitent I stand, And here confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see The burden Thou didst bear When hanging on the accursed tree. And knows her guilt was there.

Singing, I feel I shall conqueror be, Victory for me!

Boundless Salvation is coming to me,

Victory for me!

Cleansed by Thy Blood I shall walk in the light,

Held in Thy arms I shall live in Thy sight,

Filled with Thy love I shall win in the fight,

Victory for me!

Ladies' Summer Hats, Split Straw, trimmed dark blue silk, sizes 4, 5, and 6.....\$1.75

Ladies' Summer Hats, Chip Straw, trimmed dark blue, roll of silk under brim, sizes 4, 5, and 6.....\$2.75

Ladies' Summer Hats, Canton Straw, trimmed dark blue, roll of silk under brim, sizes 4, 5, and 6.....\$4.25

Band Summer Caps, White Duck, lined, red silk band and crest, latest style.....\$1.25

Private Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest, latest style.....\$1.20

Band's Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest, latest style.....\$2.25

P. O.'s Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest.....\$2.25

Band Summer Caps, White Duck, lined, red silk band and crest.....\$1.25

Private Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest, latest style.....\$1.20

Band's Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest, latest style.....\$2.25

P. O.'s Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest.....\$2.25

Band Summer Caps, White Duck, lined, red silk band and crest.....\$1.25

Private Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest, latest style.....\$1.20

Band's Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest, latest style.....\$2.25

P. O.'s Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest.....\$2.25

Band Summer Caps, White Duck, lined, red silk band and crest.....\$1.25

Private Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest, latest style.....\$1.20

Band's Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest, latest style.....\$2.25

P. O.'s Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest.....\$2.25

Band Summer Caps, White Duck, lined, red silk band and crest.....\$1.25

Private Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest, latest style.....\$1.20

Band's Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest, latest style.....\$2.25

P. O.'s Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest.....\$2.25

Printed throughout for David M. Rees, Commissioner of The Salvation Army in Canada and Newfoundland, at S. A. Printing House, Toronto.

## A NEW CONSIGNMENT OF SUMMER HATS AND CAPS

## A Full Line of Dress Goods

## JUST TO HAND.

Red Cashmere, 44in. wide, per yd.....\$6c

Dark Navy Blue Cashmere, 44 in. wide, per yd.....\$6c

Dark Navy Blue Serge, 48 in. wide, per yd.....\$1.00

Dark Navy Blue Lustre, 46 in. wide, per yd.....\$1.00

Dark Navy Blue Cravette, 60 in. wide, per yd.....\$1.40

Tunes.—On the cross, 93; Song Book, 1.

4 On the cross of Calvary,

Jesus died for you and me;

There He shed His precious Blood,

That from sin we might be free,

Oh, the cleansing grace does flow,

And it washes white as now!

It was for me that Jesus died

On the Cross of Calvary.

Oh, what wondrous, wondrous love,

Brought me down at Jesus' feet!

Oh, such wondrous, dying love,

Asks a sacrifice complete!

Here I give myself to Thee,

Soul and body, Thee I give,

It was for this that Thy Blood was shed

On the Cross of Calvary!

Clouds and darkness veiled the skies

When the Lord was crucified:

"It is finished!" was His cry,

He bowed His head and died.

It is finished,

All the world may now go free:

It was for this that Jesus died

On the Cross of Calvary!

Tune—Cleansing for me, 210.

3 Jesus, my Lord, through Thy triumph I claim

Victory for me!

Lover of victory, by Thy conquering name,

Victory for me!

Canst Thou not save a poor sinner like me?

Didst Thou not suffer my soul to set free?

Yes, Thou didst buy, on the Blood-crimsoned tree

Victory for me!

Here, I yield Thee the whole of my heart—

Victory for me!

From all that hinders at last I will part—

Victory for me!

Called to Thee, my God, gladly obey,

Freely as Thy all at Thy feet now I lay,

Trusting and fighting till life's latest day,

Victory for me!

Singing, I feel I shall conqueror be,

Victory for me!

Boundless Salvation is coming to me,

Victory for me!

Cleansed by Thy Blood I shall walk in the light,

Held in Thy arms I shall live in Thy sight,

Filled with Thy love I shall win in the fight,

Victory for me!

This is a joyful day when came the angel,

And rolled the stone away from the dark fold.

This is Salvation's day, Jesus is calling,

Each one from sin's dark way, into His fold.

If in this meeting now, weary of sinning,

Down at the Cross you'll how, Jesus will save.

Address To the Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto Ont.

# MEDICAL STAFF of the GRACE HOSPITAL, WINNIPEG



DR. COULTER, DR. BURRIDGE,  
DR. EDWARD, DR. SUGDEN, AND DR. CAMBRELL.

